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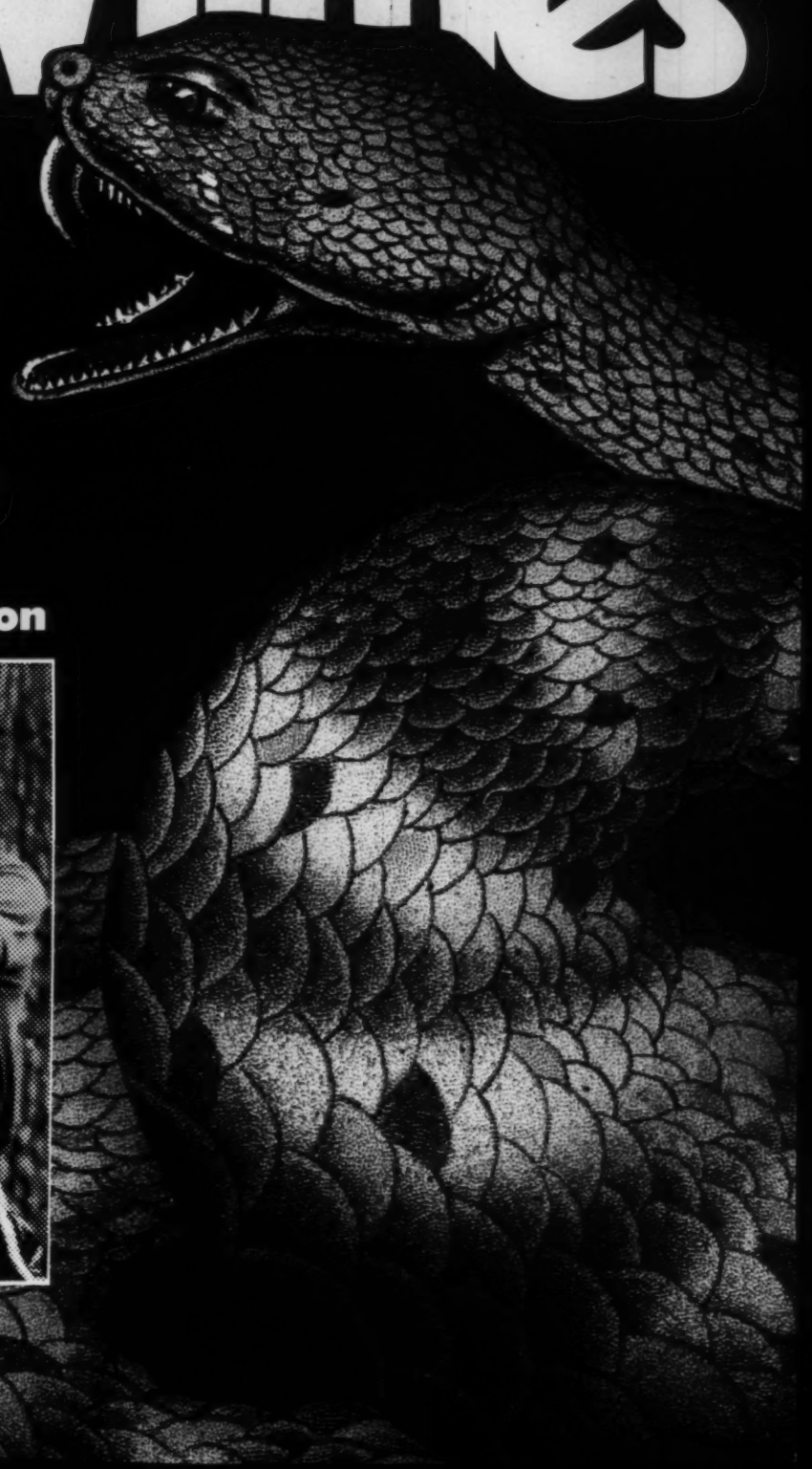
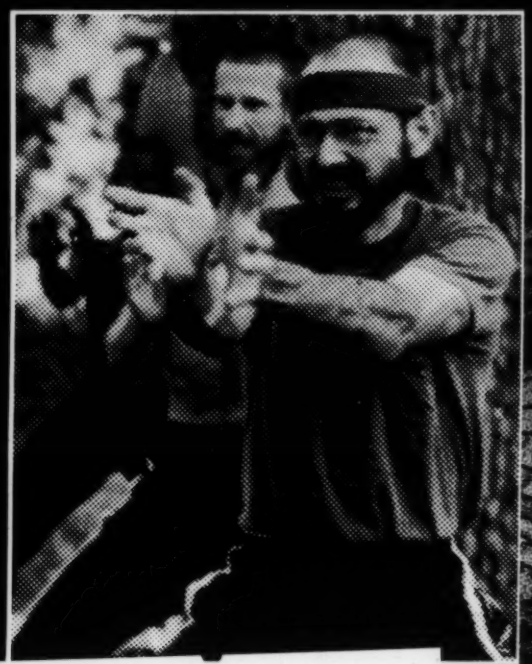


Synanon's Tragic Journey: From Healing to Horror

by Robert Sam Anson



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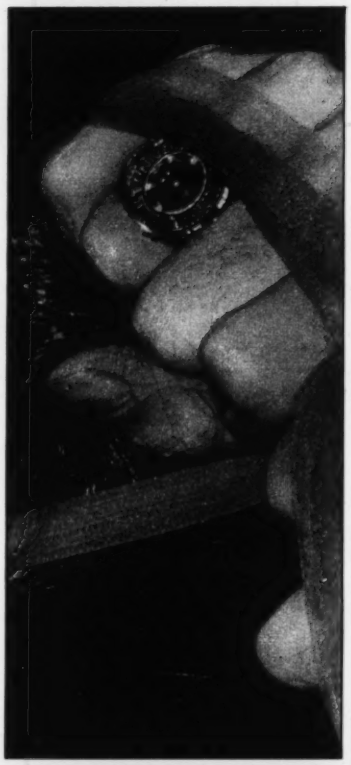
28 The Synanon Horrors

Shaved heads, mass vasectomies, group remarriages, enemy hit lists—Synanon today bears little resemblance to its sixties incarnation as the only salvation for thousands of hopeless junkies. Under the leadership of self-styled "emperor", Charles E. Dederich, the organization has evolved from a commune of virtual miracle workers into a cult of hard-core fanatics that does not take criticism lightly. Take the case of California attorney Paul Morantz: three weeks after winning a $300,000 judgment against Synanon, he put his hand in his mailbox and found a 4½-foot rattlesnake waiting for him. "Nonviolence was a position," said Dederich a few years ago. "We change positions all the time."
by ROBERT SAM ANSON

Cover illustration by Ruby Mazur; photograph courtesy of the Point Reyes Light

52 Just an Excitable Boy?

Handsome, intelligent and articulate, 32-year-old Ted Bundy would seem to be an improbable addition to the ranks of such infamous sex murderers as Richard Speck and the Boston Strangler. But next month he goes on trial in Tallahassee for the slaying of two Florida women. The experience will not be a new one for Bundy, who escaped from a Colorado jail last year during his trial for the murder of a young nurse. Before that he was convicted of kidnapping a 17-year-old girl in Utah, where he is also a suspect in three murders; and police in his home state of Washington consider him a prime suspect in a string of brutal killings dating back to 1974. Bundy's response: They've got the wrong man.
by MARK PINSKY



66 El Pugilista Enigma

Since he won his first Olympic gold medal in 1972, Cuba's Teófilo Stevenson has been the undisputed heavyweight champion of amateur boxing. American fight promoters have offered him millions to turn professional, but Stevenson insists he doesn't want the money. "What else can he say?" asks one boxing expert. "The only other answer is 'My government won't let me.'"
by LAWRENCE WRIGHT

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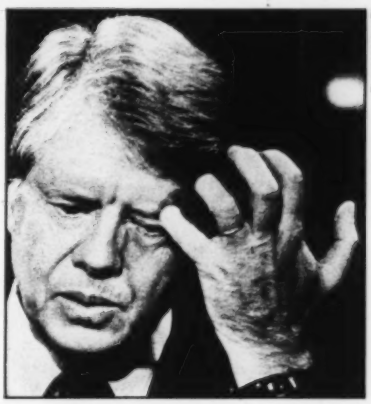
PARTY LINES/ BY ROBERT SHRUM

THE DEFLATION OF JIMMY CARTER

Shortly before President Carter announced his voluntary wage and price guidelines in a national television address last month, his pollster Pat Caddell privately characterized the policy as "a model case of bad decision-making." He warned Carter that the program might make him appear weak because people wouldn't believe it was tough enough. What's more, it would look like a failure, Caddell predicted, when food prices climbed sharply in January, as inevitably they would. At best, the guidelines would lower inflation a point or two over the next year, he argued; for that, Carter could hope for no more than faint praise; at least, he suggested, the Administration should withhold the guidelines until after the midterm elections.

But Carter did not wait, and the morning after his speech, the unions were vocally skeptical; the dollar and the Dow-Jones averages were collapsing; and the Chamber of Commerce was calling for deeper cuts in government spending. Clearly, Jimmy Carter was down from the mountains of Camp David, back in the politically arid valley of economic policy. "The guidelines were hasty and ill-conceived," reports one informed source. "They sat around in the White House and said 'We have to do something.'" In essence, the something that they did was exactly what many of Carter's critics had recommended—the kind of guidelines, with percentage targets for wage and price increases, that John Kennedy had pursued with such success in the 1960s. Why do they seem like an instant failure this time around?

"For one thing," an Administration economist suggests, "there were no underlying rates of high inflation then; the annual rate hovered between one and two percent. Neither unions nor industry were in the habit of jacking up wages and prices regularly by six or seven percent." Former Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers Arthur Okun suggests that the difference involves not only such numbers but "a whole atmosphere of good faith among groups that has disappeared. The atmosphere is very divisive now. It's partly a product of Vietnam and Watergate. The presidency itself is less authoritative than it was in 1961."



Photograph: UPI

This situation reflects not only institutional difficulties, a White House adviser believes, but also "the personality of Jimmy Carter." With Carter, charisma has proved to be quicksilver. The confident peacemaker of September, who seemed in that role suddenly and fully presidential, became the hesitant and unconvincing inflation-fighting lightweight of October. "If tomorrow, or next week, or next month, you ridicule . . . [these proposals]," he said in his TV address, "then you will have reduced their chance of succeeding." (Vice President Mondale, who saw the speech in advance, thought this section was awful—"unpresidential"—and tried to persuade Carter to delete it. "It was a plea by the President," says a longtime Kennedy man, "not to make fun of his program.")

Ironically, at the beginning of his term, the President forswore the single most effective threat to encourage voluntary restraint: In order to placate the business community, which claimed that even the possibility of controls would depress investment, Carter emphatically renounced his campaign promise to seek standby power to impose them. To ask for that power now, when it seems obvious that it would be used almost as soon as it was granted, would drive business—while Congress was considering the bill—"to raise prices as far and as fast as in a banana republic," in the words of an Administration economic consultant.

In the wake of the President's speech, American dollars and stocks plunged like a banana republic's currency. The Dow-Jones industrial average fell from 839.66 to 806.05; the dollar, on average, lost more of its already depleted value against the German mark, the Swiss franc and the Japanese yen. It was a stunning vote against the guidelines from the high citadels of capitalism. Within days, a nonplussed Carter was facing down his economic advisers, especially Council of Economic Advisers Chairman Charles Schultze, a longtime advocate of the policy. "You said this would make the market go up, but it went down," the President noted tersely. "Why did this happen?"

Jimmy Carter and his men were worried about political as well as economic wounds. "To have his policy laughed off the world money markets two weeks before the election," an Administration official says, "was a potential disaster."

"So we had a program of panic," a disaffected Carter adviser complains. It was the program Treasury Secretary Michael Blumenthal had pushed in recent months to satisfy business and the banks. They had been blunt enough about what they wanted—"to bring government spending down and . . . a monetary policy to fight inflation," as Tenneco Chairman James Ketelsen put it. In his October 24 speech, Carter glossed over monetary policy and the prospect of higher interest rates. If fundamental economic conditions were improving, he assumed, confidence in the dollar and the stock market would be strengthened. But the international bankers turned out to be economic sadists; for them, Okun says, "the acid test was whether the U.S. cared enough about currency exchange rates to really hurt its domestic growth."

On November 1, in a surprise announcement, Carter agreed to inflict that hurt in the form of the most Draconian interest rates—leading to the highest mortgage rates—in history. "He sided with the hawks on the Federal Reserve Board," Okun says. In another three weeks or so, he suspects, the foreign bankers will retest Carter's commitment, "to see if he means it. The dollar will sag; he will have to do even more to restore confidence, and interest rates will rise again."

The day after the new monetary policy was announced, the President, at a campaign rally on Wall Street,

complained that "the voices of powerful selfish interests will always be heard." Indeed, they had just been heeded within his own Administration. Carter talked as though the new policy was a natural next step in the anti-inflation drive. But only 24 hours before, Barry Bosworth of the White House Council on Wage and Price Stability had publicly ruled out higher interest rates as a sure path to a recession. A week earlier, CEA Chairman Schultze had disclaimed the option in a press briefing as too costly in human and economic terms. The President, he said, had "rejected" it.

Within hours of the President's sudden adoption of precisely that policy, Harvard economist Otto Eckstein's Data Resources, Inc., recomputed its economic forecast, the most comprehensive in the nation. As Bosworth and Schultze had feared, the Data Resources model now pointed to a pending recession, beginning with construction unemployment and a drop in housing starts. And it will begin, Okun and George Perry of the Brookings Institution figure, as early as next spring. Perry believes that at least the "weakening demand for manpower" might help enforce the Administration's wage guideline: "Carter won't have to worry so much about George Meany." But Okun guesses that "the bad performance of the economy could cut the other way. People think the other guy is doing well, and they push harder. It's easier to jolly labor along in prosperity"—which was just what Kennedy and Johnson did in the 1960s.

Okun describes the new Carter monetary policy as "a classic case of burning down the house to roast the pig. A five-point loss in economic growth will mean only a one-point reduction in inflation." The economy is not overheated, an Administration official explains; there are no shortages of goods or industries operating near capacity, thereby driving prices up; so to cool the economy with a recession will dampen inflation, if at all, only marginally. Looking over the last decade, historian Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., observes the economy's "remarkable capacity to sustain high levels of inflation and unemployment simultaneously."

By the same analysis, another standard remedy—cutting federal deficits—may reduce demand, but will do little to stem price rises that in fact are not the result of too many dollars chasing too few goods. In three years, the federal deficit will have fallen from $50 to $40 to $30 billion; meanwhile, the rate of inflation has soared from less than six percent to a level currently exceeding ten percent. Barry Bosworth has told consumer groups, in private briefings, that there is *no* evidence that bringing the deficit down will bring inflation under control. Indeed, a mindless obsession with a lower deficit may actually increase consumer prices. Thus, Congress held down welfare costs this year, Okun notes, and then passed the costs of aiding the poor on to the private sector in the form of a higher minimum wage. Similarly, after refusing farmers additional subsidies, Congress enacted acreage controls that restrict food supplies and inflate grocery bills.

Jimmy Carter, who ran for the presidency invoking the myths of a "bloated bureaucracy" (from which he has fired virtually no one) and a "balanced budget," is not about to explain now that the latter is irrelevant. Carter, an adviser says, "will not get into an ideological confrontation with the business community. He wants their cooperation—and to them, the balanced budget is sacred." Nader associate Mark Green expresses it less kindly: "The President has surrendered to the big business catechism that inflation is a product of government regulation and spending."

The present Republican alternative takes this mythology to its illogical extreme. The Republicans would slash spending, presumably to reduce demand, then cut taxes by as much or more—which certainly would increase demand. "The scheme is an act of faith in a common national ignorance of elementary economics," a White House assistant says. "It would just shift the same amount of demand from public goods to private goods. It wouldn't affect inflation; all it would achieve is a greater maldistribution of income."

No one now can be both sure and credible on the issue of inflation. "There seem to be structural reasons that make it less correctable," Mark Green allows. "You can't blame Carter for pipeline problems in the Middle East." But presidents are supposed to be sure; they are assumed to be in control of the economy. Carter's wage-price guidelines, however, only reinforced the opposite impression. So he moved decisively to a restrictive monetary policy—"the most conservative economic moment in modern American history," one high union official called it. The internal currency exchanges cheered the dollar's value higher, and the stock market boomed; but the next day it broke again as investors weighed the recession apparently in the wings. The same day, it was revealed that wholesale price increases were near record levels. "Sometimes," sighs an Administration official, "I wonder if there's any way to win." ●

ADDENDA & ERRATA

Huey Newton Convicted. A jury in Alameda County, California, has convicted Black Panther Party founder Huey Newton on two counts of being an ex-felon in possession of a gun. He was sentenced on November 3 to two to three years in prison.

The charges stemmed from an allegation made by Oakland tailor Preston Callins and reported in our July 10 cover story "The Party's Over." In August 1974, Callins gave police a tape-recorded statement accusing Newton of hitting him in the head with a .357 revolver, kicking him in the mouth and threatening to kill him. As a result of Callins' statement, Newton was also charged with assault with a deadly weapon. But he was acquitted on that count after Callins refused to testify at the trial—a reluctance that earned the tailor 12 days in jail for contempt of court.

Newton is now free on $50,000 bail pending his appeal. On November 29, meanwhile, he goes on trial for the 1974 murder of Oakland prostitute Kathleen Smith.

Dirt for Sale. Since publishing William Tucker's "The Good Earth Pesticide" (*NT*, 8/21/78), we have received several letters from readers interested in buying diatomaceous-earth products. The only product now on the market goes by the name "Permaguard" and is manufactured by International Diatoms, Inc., 2629 South 21st Street, Phoenix, Arizona 85034.

Other readers have asked whether the small silicon-containing particles of diatomaceous earth might not cause cancer and a variety of lung diseases when inhaled, as does asbestos dust, which is also largely made up of silica. The question seems to warrant further testing. Preliminary work at the Applied Biological Sciences Laboratory in Glendale in the late 1960s indicated that diatomaceous-earth dust does not collect in rats' lungs, but the test only measured short-term effects. Diatomaceous-earth particles are much larger than the largest asbestos particles, and it is known that the smallest asbestos particles are the most likely to cause cancer.

A couple of errors in our original story: Malathion, probably the most widely used insecticide, is *not* a carcinogen; and Sir "William" Wigglesworth's first name is actually Vincent. ●

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23-30	.31	.18	.20	.12	.12	.08	1.00	2.00
31-40	.35	.21	.22	.14	.14	.09	1.10	2.10
41-55	.39	.25	.25	.17	.15	.10	1.35	2.35
56-70	.41	.27	.26	.18	.16	.11	1.60	2.60
71-124	.43	.29	.27	.19	.17	.12	1.75	2.75
125-196	.44	.30	.28	.20	.17	.12	1.85	2.85
197-292	.46	.32	.29	.21	.18	.13	1.95	2.95
293-430	.48	.34	.31	.23	.19	.14	2.00	3.05
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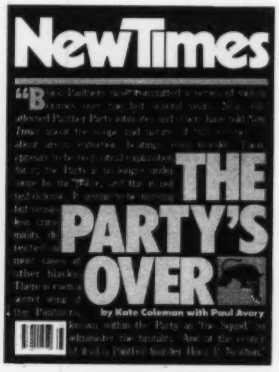

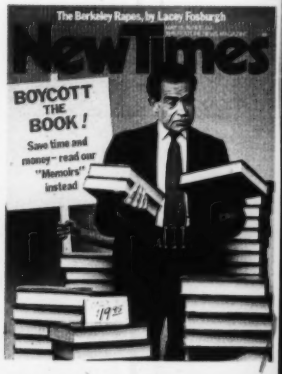

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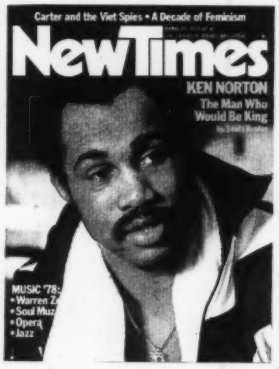

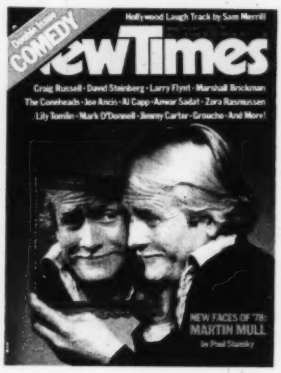
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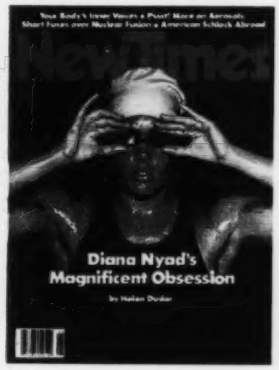

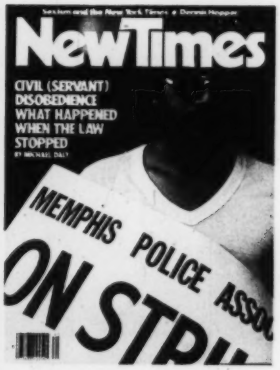

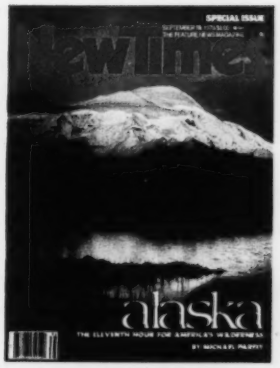

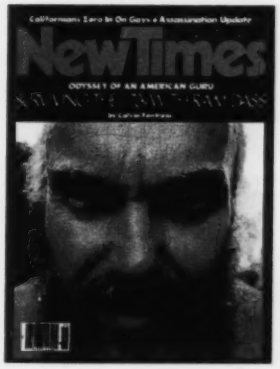

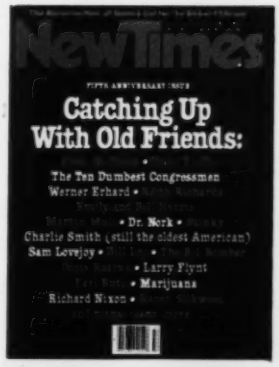

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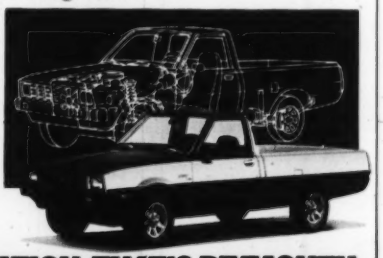

THAT'S IMAGINATION. THAT'S PLYMOUTH.

HEALTH/BY MARTIN PORTER

THE VETERAN AS GUINEA PIG

The horror stories were well documented. VA hospitals were likened by returning Vietnam veterans to everything from factories to prisons, where, because of poor staffing, antiquated equipment and squalor, physical and psychic wounds only got worse.

The analogies were accurate. America's veterans' hospitals, originally conceived out of the nation's gratitude to those who had fought its wars, have been transformed since World War II into little more than research mills for VA researchers, affiliated universities, pharmaceutical companies and federal agencies. The same bodies that already have served in battles from Iwo Jima to Hamburger Hill are once again being recruited—at times without their prior knowledge—as human guinea pigs in the war against disease.

The word has long been out among those who qualify for free veteran health care — if you can afford to go elsewhere, go. Ron Kovic, the activist veteran, told of rats running through the wards, of almost losing a leg because of faulty machinery and of drug overdosing, all during his 17 months at the VA facility in the Bronx. Last year, the usually sympathetic National Academy of Sciences raked the nation's largest medical empire over the coals for being wasteful, inefficient, and for sometimes jeopardizing the lives of its patients. The VA counters these charges with boasts of its two Nobel Prize winners, four Lasker Award winners and advances in cancer and psychiatric research. What it avoids mentioning is that its research involves disabled and dependent veterans, who have been the subjects of disease-inducing, nontherapeutic experiments, sometimes in lieu of medical treatment.

A survey of human experimentation at VA hospitals across the country has shown that:

• LSD experiments on alcoholics, both schizophrenic and nonschizophrenic, were run in the late 1960s at the VA facility at Sheridan, Wyoming. Twenty years ago, psychiatric patients at the Bronx VA were used in CIA-sponsored experiments with the same drug. VA officials explain that no research involving LSD is now in progress at any VA hospital or alcohol center, though the last LSD experiment was completed only three years ago.

• Psychosurgery, the slicing or dulling of emotion centers of the brain, is still conducted on a limited scale at select VA psychiatric facilities in Durham, North Carolina; Long Beach, California; Minneapolis, Minnesota; and Syracuse, New York. The VA has always been in the vanguard of this experimental procedure, starting in 1943, when its psycho wards were teeming with shell-shocked veterans; then, 1,500 ex-servicemen were lobotomized before the VA concluded the procedure was doing no good.

• Alcoholics have been recruited from the VA's 78 alcohol rehabilitation centers for a variety of pathological and behavioral experiments. Detoxified alcoholics at Bronx VA have been lured by promises of booze into the experimental lab. Alcoholics at the Coatesville, Pennsylvania, VA facility have been recruited out of rehabilitation wards for research at outside institutions, as part of a statewide search for human subjects.

• FDA new-drug testing is commonplace throughout the VA system. Veterans are enlisted by VA and university researchers working for private pharmaceutical companies for the first — and most dangerous — stages of human tests with drugs designed to cure anything from insomnia to epilepsy. In 1968, the National Academy of Sciences' Research Council reported that about 1,000 out of 6,600 ongoing research projects in the VA involved the study of the action of drugs. The psychiatric wards of VA hospitals also serve as testing grounds for a variety of tranquilizers and antipsychotic drugs. Veterans at the VA hospital in Manhattan have complained to counselors of excessive doses of Thorazine, or "zombie medicine," as it is called. Similar overdoses of Thioridazine, a drug that can cause eye damage, were documented by the General Accounting Office in a 1975 survey of 13 VA hospitals.

• A cooperative experiment in 1976 at VA facilities in Boston, the Bronx, Indianapolis, Los Angeles, Palo Alto and Miami used 450 veterans to test the combined effects of morphine and amphetamines for pain relief—a combination long shunned because of the potential for abuse. In the course of these blind experiments, neither the doctors nor the patients knew exactly what their injections contained, nor did they know the specific doses.

Surprisingly, the precise number of veterans affected by all this in-house human experimentation is not available. Officially, the VA keeps no such central records. In 1973, however, 2,547 out of 3,658 VA researchers reported using human subjects in their experiments. It has since been estimated that, during any given month, as many as 8,750 veterans may be used as guinea pigs by VA and affiliated university researchers.

There are few laws protecting the rights of veteran or other human subjects of experimentation. The practice has been regulated since the hangings at Nuremberg by the ethical code known as "informed consent," whereby human subjects must know all risks and alternatives involved with any experiment before giving their approval. However, as Dr. Bernard Barber, a Columbia University sociologist, explains, "The concept of informed consent is a troublesome one. The investigator wants to have enough subjects and is afraid of scaring them off."

It is this guideline that sets the ground rules for all human experimentation in all VA hospitals. A 1977 study of biomedical research at the VA by the National Research Council showed how easily it can be abused. The assembly discovered that, although informed consent vouchers were found in every file of human subjects, 28 percent of these veterans did not realize they had been used as guinea pigs in an experiment. In addition, it was found that consent forms often

Photographs by Co Rentmeester/Life Magazine © Time Inc.

Recruits: "The majority of research is done on those who have the least to say about their destiny"

had specific items missing, such as the risks of the research procedure and alternative treatments. Also frequently absent from consent forms was the requisite promise that a patient's care would not be compromised if he opted not to participate in experiments.

The study also found fault with the only other human-subject safeguard followed by the VA—the peer review system, whereby "human-subject committees" pass judgment on all human-research proposals at their hospitals. The council reported that the committees often were dominated by scientists and physicians, and that lay members usually deferred to their judgment. "Under these circumstances," the study concluded, "the rights and safety of patients are not sufficiently protected."

In one hospital, it was found that the committee chairman couldn't remember signing his approval for two projects, even though one carried considerable risk to the human subjects; in this case, none of the patients were informed that they were going to be used experimentally. In another VA hospital, it was learned that the volume of human-research proposals was so large that they were given only scant attention, with but a few minutes' discussion devoted to each.

The council suggested a general refurbishing of the human-subject committee procedure. The VA, after making several minor changes, decided to keep things as they were.

As a human-research system, the VA hospitals offer medical research a rare opportunity for studying a large number of adult males and a few women, under controlled and essentially standard conditions. VA researchers can claim some credit for the effectiveness of chemotherapy, of drug therapy for psychiatric disabilities and of the use of antihypertensive drugs. Dr. Rosalyn Yalow, a VA researcher in the Bronx and winner of last year's Nobel Prize for Medicine, defends the need for a VA research system. "The purpose of medical research is not to work on the birds and bees," she says. "The purpose is to make lives more comfortable." She adds, "Eventually you have to work with people if you want to fight disease."

Just who these people are and how they are recruited for this "fight," however, are questions now being considered by the National Commission on the Protection of Human Subjects in Biomedical and Behavioral Research, a body formed after revelations of University of Alabama syphilis experiments on prisoners, and Army–CIA-sponsored experiments with LSD and mescaline. As Dr. Bernard Diamond of the University of California Law School explained to Edward Kennedy during 1974 Senate hearings on human experimentation, "The majority of research, whether it be psychosurgery or experimentation with new drugs, is done on precisely those individuals who have least to say about their destiny . . . [who] tend to be dependent individuals [lacking] the ability or in no position to protest and complain."

Although the majority of VA patients are over 55, and either require psychiatric care or are alcoholics (or both), and are financially indebted to the VA for their medical care, the VA does not consider veterans to be dependent individuals. Dr. Lawrence Hobson of the VA Office of Research and Development explains, "They're not dependent, except for some of the psychiatric patients. . . . They're free to leave whenever they want."

Few leave, however, and many volunteer for research. The National Research Council survey found that, although most veterans agreed to be human subjects for personal as well as altruistic reasons, a large number (21 percent) agreed to participate out of a debt they felt for the free hospitalization they were receiving, while a smaller but still significant portion (9 percent) said that as a result of their participation they were enjoying much better medical care. This last claim was repeated by nurses during the Council's VA site visits. The nurses reported that, "Research subjects often receive better care than those not participating in research because of the doctor's special interest and the more careful monitoring by other staff."

As an individual accustomed to taking physical risks and following orders, the soldier has always been the ideal human subject. Vietnam recruits were used by Army medical researchers for a range of endocrinology and infectious-disease experiments. Thousands of American troops in Vietnam were given regular doses of an experimental antimalaria drug known as dapsone, which, it has since been learned, causes cancer in male rats.

The veteran in the clinical VA hospital setting becomes the next logical choice. When asked by the National Research Council why he didn't refuse to participate in a VA hospital experiment, one veteran replied: "I used to be in the Army, and in the Army there is no such thing as saying 'no.' In the hospital, it's about the same." ●

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INTELLIGENCE/ BY STEVE WEISSMAN

ENGLAND'S SPOOKS EXPOSE THEIR OWN SECRETS

The three defendants in the Old Bailey courtroom looked dazed and then slowly smiled as the elderly red-robed judge lifted the spectre of 14-year prison terms that they were facing for allegedly exchanging "information which might be directly or indirectly useful to an enemy." For the two journalists and the former Army officer, as well as for many people in England who had feared the draconian implications of their prosecution under Britain's controversial Offical Secrets Act, the decision was an important one. But the Hon. Mr. Justice Mars-Jones went further still: Even if the three men are convicted of lesser charges against them, they will not, he emphatically stated, spend any time in prison. All in all, the proceedings are amounting to a pointed setback to Britain's intelligence-service mandarins and their notions of how much secrecy there should be in a supposedly free society.

Mars-Jones' ruling was just the latest in a series of extraordinary developments in the controversial case. The three defendants—former army intelligence analyst John Berry, 34, and journalists Duncan Campbell, 26, and Crispin Aubrey, 32, had been charged under the stiff spying and sabotage Section One of the Official Secrets Act, previously used only against spies and terrorists. Mars-Jones' action pulls most of the teeth from the remaining charge, which comes under the sweeping Section Two of the Act and which makes it illegal for any government employee to give, or for anyone else to receive, any "unauthorized" information about what goes on behind the tightly closed doors of British bureaucracy.

Put very simply, the entire case was a political prosecution brought about by Britain's spy-masters. Alarmed by the spread of what they called the "American disease"—leaks, whistle-blowing and investigative journalism—they stampeded the wavering Labor government into bringing charges. Their greatest concern was preserving the secrecy surrounding Britain's least known spy-shop—the Signals Intelligence Agency. Yet after nearly two years of hearings, an earlier mistrial in September and a prosecution for contempt of court, the intelligence establishment has succeeded in giving enormously wide attention to the very secrets they most wanted to conceal.

The story begins with defendant Duncan Campbell, a young free-lance scientific journalist and part-time electronics inventor who takes a schoolboy's delight in prying out official secrets from public telephone directories and military magazines. In May 1976, Campbell had co-authored a two-page exposé, "The Eavesdroppers," in the trendishly left-wing news section of London's widely read weekly entertainment guide *Time Out*.

The article revealed that Britain's Government Communication Headquarters (GCHQ) and the U.S. National Security Agency (NSA) run a worldwide partnership in electronic eavesdropping—the U.K.-USA Pact—which they share in part with Canada, Australia and New Zealand, and with NATO. The pact coordinates a multinational array of antenna farms, spy ships and satellites, all of which intercept and decode radio signals, radar impulses and other electronic emissions, whether from a Soviet missile range, an African guerrilla camp, a foreign embassy in London or an Irish Republican Army team setting off a radio-controlled bomb in Belfast.

"The Eavesdroppers" also described how the American NSA runs a string of listening stations on British soil, with headquarters and a "Steelhenge" of antennae in the picturesque country village of Chicksands. The authors alleged that the Americans unilaterally listened in on British communications, and hinted that the British GCHQ had the capacity to monitor private Telex and telephone calls, as the NSA was caught doing in the United States.

This was the first major unmasking of Anglo-American Signals Intelligence (SIGINT) in the British popular press, and the spy-masters jumped. In June 1976, one of Campbell's most important sources, former NSA analyst Winslow Peck, was arrested at London's Heathrow Airport and barred from entering Britain. And in November, Campbell's co-author, Mark Hosenball, was notified that he would be deported as "a security risk," along with former CIA officer Philip Agee.

That left Campbell. On the night of February 18, 1977, he and *Time Out* reporter Crispin Aubrey went to the North London flat of John Berry, an ex-soldier, now a professional youth worker in the social services. The journalists knew little about Berry—only that he had approached the anti-deportation National Council for Civil Liberties, who had passed him on to them, and that he had served until 1970 as an intelligence analyst with the Royal Signals Corps, the army component of GCHQ.

The interview lasted some three hours. Campbell, the young electronics genius, asked most of the questions and seemed to know most of the answers. Aubrey, the *Time Out* reporter, asked a few general questions and tape-recorded the session. This went on until about 10:00 P.M., when Aubrey and Campbell said goodnight and walked out into the cold London rain, still unsure of whether they really had anything new to publish.

But no matter. Minutes later, five burly men burst into Berry's flat. "We're police officers," one of them announced. "And we have reason to believe that an offense has been committed under the Official Secrets Act."

On the street, another group of Special Branch officers had already arrested Aubrey and Campbell. They seized the telltale tape recording, which was to become the central evidence against the three men.

How had the Special Branch known about the interview? They were never required to say. But it seems that Britain's FBI—the spooky MI-5—must have read Berry's letter to the National Council for Civil Liberties, or listened in on a telephone call from Crispin Aubrey at *Time Out*.

Special Branch officers also raided the homes of the two journalists and seized literally thousands of documents, directories, books, notes and photographs from Campbell's well-stocked personal files. These became the basis for an extra Section One charge against Campbell (later dropped) of collecting information useful to an enemy about Britain's military communications system.

The prosecuting counsel publicly rebuked ex-corporal Berry for breaking his military oath of secrecy and for somehow, though it was never explained, "putting at risk lives in Northern Ireland." He branded young Campbell as "a thoroughly subversive man who was quite prepared to publish information which is secret." And he insisted that the all-important tape recording could be played to the court only *in camera* without press or public present—a practice that has continued in the present trial.

But the chief scourge of the defend-

ants throughout—and clearly the central figure in the case—has been the former head of Britain's Army Signals Intelligence, the mysterious "Colonel B."

Permitted by the magistrate to testify without revealing his own name, which was top-secret, Col. B. appeared as the Crown's expert witness. He testified that Berry's information, as played on the now classified tape recording, would prove of immense use to an enemy, and of equal damage to Britain.

Just as those 14-year sentences were beginning to look like a real possibility, two small left-wing magazines, *Peace News* and *The Leveller*—and subsequently the monthly newspaper of the National Union of Journalists, called *The Journalist*—pointedly pulled the plug on the prosecution's entire case. They put a real name on Col. B. And they did it from the publicly available Signals Corps magazine and a few clues that the secretive colonel had let slip while condemning the grave security threat caused by Aubrey, Berry and Campbell.

It was, in fact, little more than a schoolboy prank, and at first nobody paid much attention. But again the government went to extremes. Last spring the director of public prosecutions charged the offending periodicals and ten individual journalists with contempt of court for revealing the name of a witness that the magistrate had permitted to remain secret.

And that's when all hell broke loose. Four Labor MPs repeated the unmentionable name during question time in the House of Commons, and their utterances were all duly broadcast nationwide on BBC radio. Nearly every newspaper in Britain then repeated the offense in reporting the fuss in the Commons. Soon, Col. Hugh A. Johnstone was the best-known British officer since the Duke of Wellington.

The high court predictably found the periodicals and journalists in contempt. But, seeing that everyone was already laughing, the wily Lord Chief Justice imposed no penalty on the individual journalists and slapped only nominal fines on *The Journalist*, *The Leveller* and *Peace News*.

The first trial of the secrets case itself began in September, complete with the spying and sabotage Section One charges and the *in camera* tape recording. But the trial was doomed from the start. On the first day, the defense objected furiously after learning that the prosecution had been granted the unheard-of right to screen the prospective jurors "for loyalty." And it later turned out that three of the jurors had themselves been subject to the Official Secrets Act, including the jury foreman, who was a former commando in Britain's Green Berets, the elite Special Air Services.

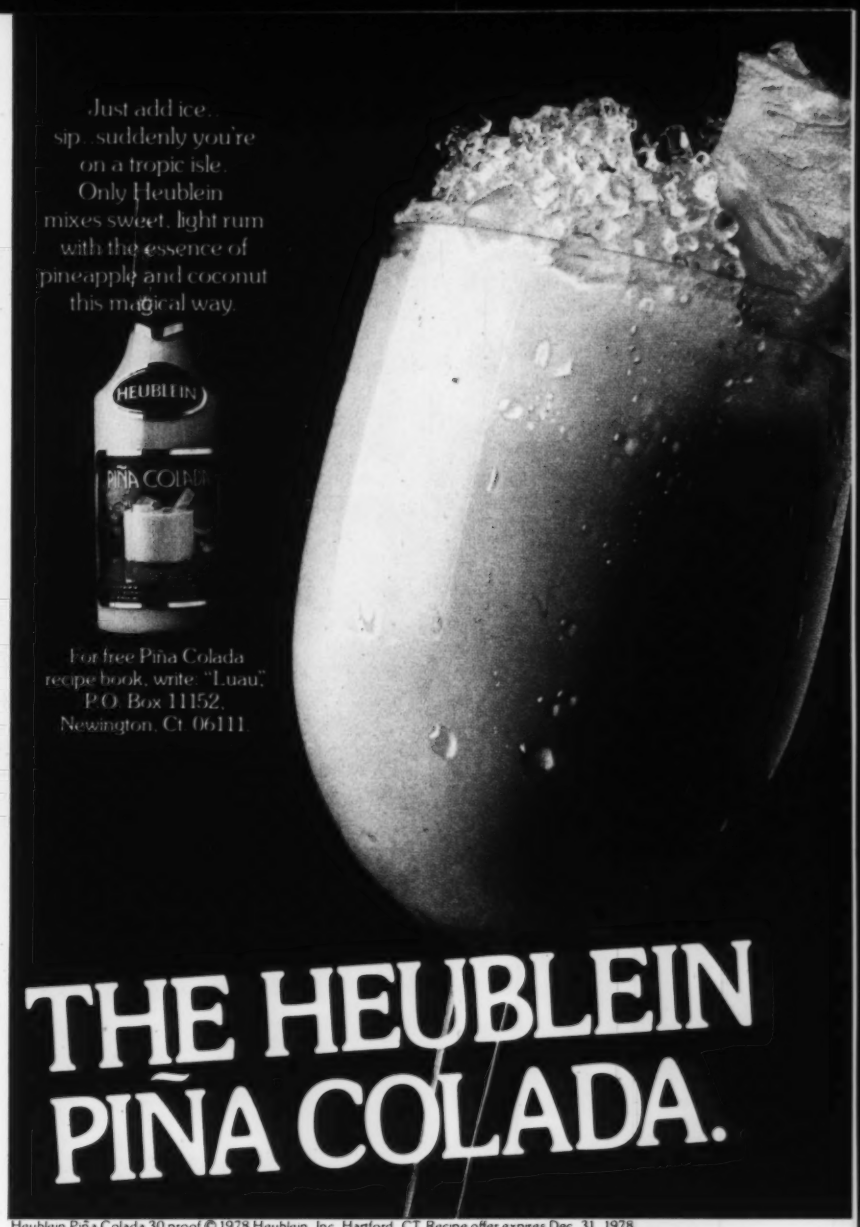
The defense's objection to the jury foreman became an open secret, never mentioned in the press because of the strict contempt laws governing all court reporting. But after the trial had gone through its ninth day, an enterprising journalist managed to spill the beans on a late-night talk show, and the judge was forced to dismiss the jury and declare a mistrial.

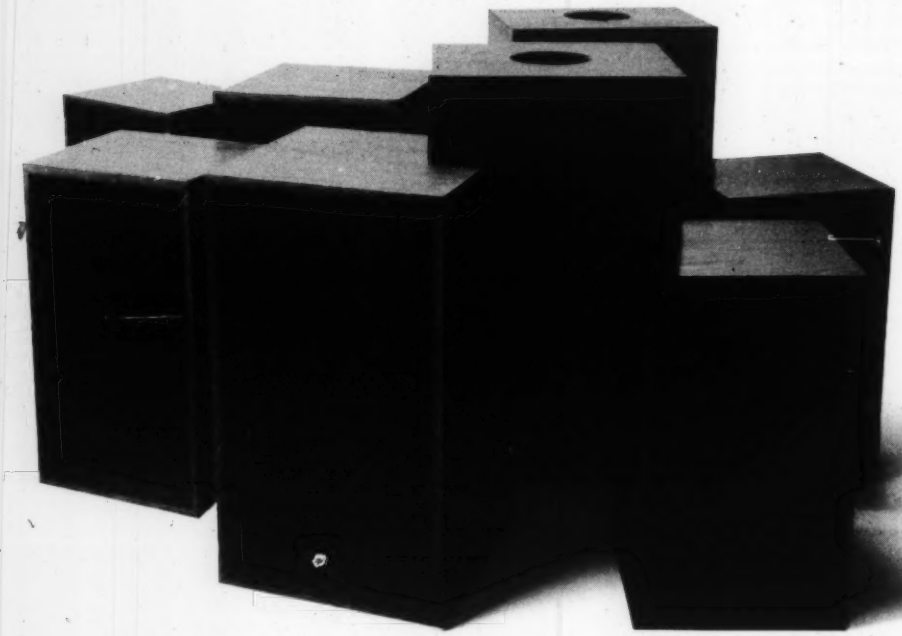
The present trial opened in early October, with the old cast of characters and a marathon performance in the witness box by Col. Johnstone. He insisted throughout that the entire subject of Signals Intelligence was classified, and that even the rules by which it was classified were themselves secret.

But after several days of testimony and lengthy legal arguments, the new judge, Mars-Jones, finally forced the Crown to drop the 14-year Section One charges as "not apt." And now, as the case drags on into its final days, the decision on the Section Two charges of giving and receiving "unauthorized" information is up to the jury, also screened for loyalty and unaware of the judge's ruling that there will be no prison time even if they find Aubrey, Berry and Campbell guilty.

As for the spy-masters, who got their fingers burned trying to treat journalists as spies, the final judgment comes from Col. Johnstone, alias "Col. B."

"Until this case, the general public has been unaware of SIGINT activities," he testified last month. "As a result of these proceedings, the fact that SIGINT exists is no longer secret." ●





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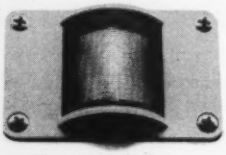

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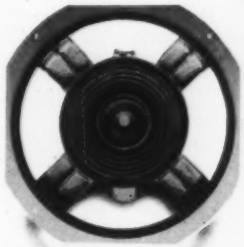

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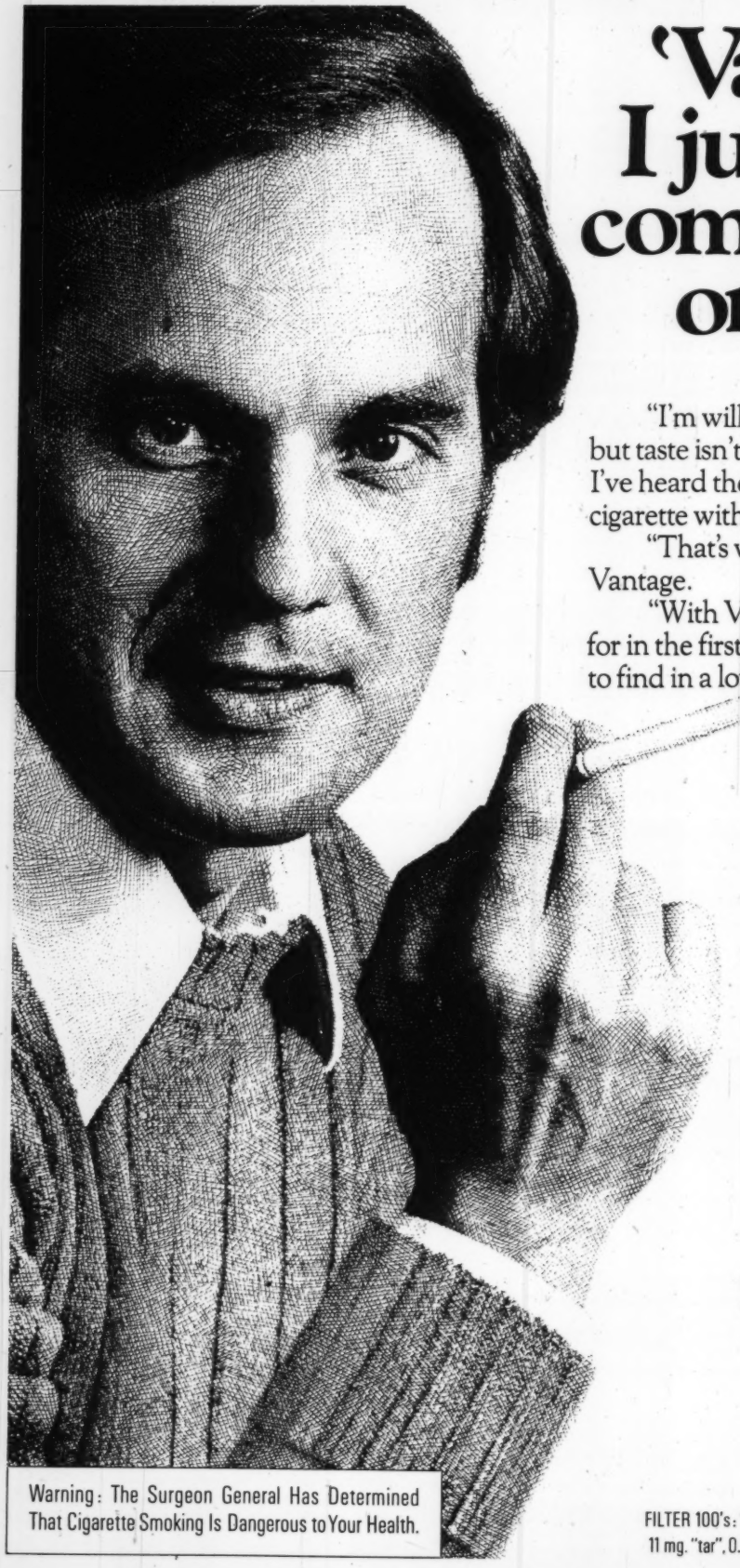

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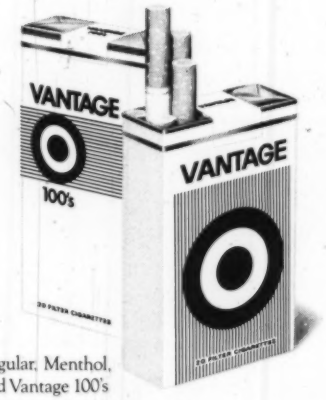

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FILTER 100's: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, FILTER, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

EDITED BY DAN BREWSTER

THE INSIDER

DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR

"NOT UNTIL WE HAVE A POLISH POPE."—BEN BRADLEE'S REPORTED ANSWER TO HIS NEW WIFE, SALLY QUINN, WHEN SHE FIRST RAISED THE QUESTION OF MARRIAGE YEARS AGO.

IT'S THE PITS

MINERS IGNORE INDIAN MALADIES

More than 100 babies born in recent years on the Laguna Pueblo reservation near Grants, N.M., the site of the world's largest and oldest open-pit uranium mine, have suffered some form of birth defect, a staff member of the Senate Committee on Indian Affairs disclosed earlier this month. The Jackpile uranium mine and the Bluewater processing mill, operated by the Anaconda Mining Company, a subsidiary of Atlantic Richfield, employ about 450 Laguna Indians—three-quarters of the tribe's work force.

At least 13 million tons of uranium tailings—radioactive material left over from the uranium extraction process—sit nearby reservation lands, "just blowing in the wind," according to Paul Robinson, a researcher for the Southwestern Research and Information Center. These tailings emit radioactive radon gas, which is easily absorbed into the body and turns into lead.

In addition, the mine is situated above the Laguna watershed. "It's clear that much of the tribe's grazing land, as well as its water supply, is going to be contaminated," says Robinson. "But you know, no one's been keeling over from it yet, which is the main indication these days that something's wrong."

To date, the Laguna Pueblo situation has aroused only scant official concern. Nick Franklin, Secretary of the Dept. of Energy and Minerals for the state of New Mexico,

JOHN RUNNING/BLACK STAR

Pueblo:Paradise Lost

told a group of congressmen last summer, "A stream running through the Jackpile mine area picks up large amounts of radiation. There is a very high frequency of birth defects in the children of Jackpile miners." Officials from the Dept. of Energy and Minerals, however, say they are unable to establish a relationship between the birth defects and the Anaconda mine.

There are no federal regulations governing Anaconda's operations, and state authorities have no jurisdiction over reservation land. Though the Nuclear Regulatory Commission is responsible for monitoring radiation levels, the NRC seems willing to entrust this task to the Anaconda Company itself.

—Peter Melnick

WITHOUT MERIT

SENATE: JUDGES FOR ITSELF

In the closing hours before adjournment, Congress approved legislation creating 152 federal judgeships. This record-breaking judicial patronage bonanza cleared the Senate only after a provision in the House version of the bill, mandating set "procedures" for merit selection of judges, was watered-down so as not to cramp the style of senators accustomed to dispensing the coveted posts.

So far, senators in 18 states have established commissions to help them screen and recommend candidates for judicial appointments. When signing the new judgeship bill, President Carter stated that he would "encourage" other senators to do the same as a step toward merit selection.

But if Senator Robert Morgan (D.-N.C.) is any indication of how the posts will be filled, the President should save his breath. Since Carter took office, Morgan has placed a legislative aide and a close personal friend in U.S. attorney slots. And even with the President's "encouragement," Morgan will not commit himself to merit selection in judicial appointments. Explains a Morgan press aide, "Why penalize your friends?"

—James Goodman and Dorothy J. Samuels

STAGE WHISPERS

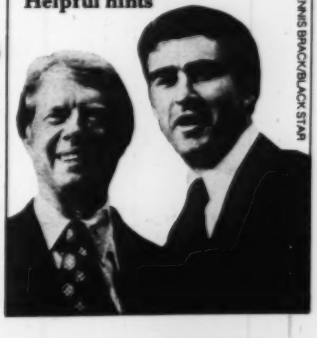
JERRY PULLS JIMMY'S STRING

Three weeks ago, while in California to campaign for Jerry Brown, Jimmy Carter was confronted at a Sacramento rally by a sea of "No on 6" signs and a demand from the crowd that he take a stand on the state's controversial initiative—abridging the right of homosexuals to be teachers or teachers to defend homosexual rights.

Obviously ill-informed, Carter stopped in mid-speech, turned toward Brown at his side and was heard over an open microphone asking, "Do you think I ought to say anything on Proposition 6?" A quick smile flashed across Brown's face. "Reagan and Ford have come out against it," he said. "You'll get your loudest applause if you do."

Carter thereupon turned back to the crowd and urged a no-vote on 6. In addition, he expressed a fond hope that Brown would be "here" to solve Californians' problems "for the next four years." Afterwards, a gloating Brown took public credit for getting Carter to oppose Proposition 6. ●

Carter and Brown: Helpful hints



DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR

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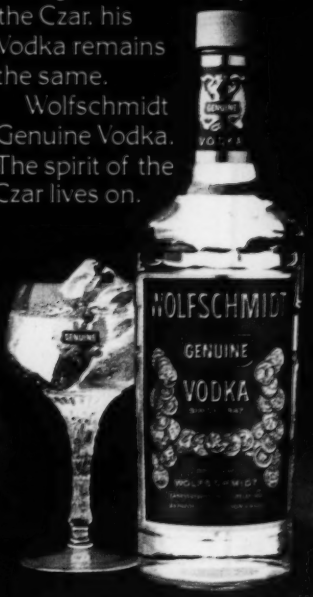

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SPECIAL DELIVERY

MIDWIFE CLEARED OF MURDER CHARGE

The death of Amy Gannage, born with a knotted umbilical cord in her parents' bedroom in Los Osos, Ca., became not only a private tragedy but a criminal issue and a political cause soon after she died in a hospital last June.

A local obstetrician interrogated the baby's father with a tape recorder and filed a criminal complaint. Marianne Doshi, the Gannage's experienced but unlicensed midwife, was soon charged with murder, the most serious charge ever brought against any of California's hundreds of lay midwives.

Last month, however, San Luis Obispo Superior Court Judge Richard Kirkpatrick dismissed Doshi's grand jury indictment saying that parents have a constitutional right to utilize alternatives "to what the medical profession wants to provide."

"Had that child died in the hospital or a home under a doctor's care," the judge added, "we would have had a thousand doctors lined up between here and Los Angeles ready to testify that the doctor provided adequate medical treatment."

The local district attorney's office, which had maintained the death might have been averted, said it would not appeal the case. And Anne Flower Cumings, Doshi's lawyer, said after the surprise victory, "Midwifery prosecutions have been one big flop. The Doshi case is not a legal precedent, but I don't think anybody [practicing midwifery] will be prosecuted again for murder."

—Katy Butler

CULVER PICTURES

Midwifery: Old as time

TRIBAL RIGHTS

U.S. GIVES BACK BOMBED ISLANDS

Harvard University constitutional law professor Laurence Tribe, has ceased merely to study and interpret the founding fathers and has instead become one—he is writing the constitution for the Marshall Islands.

The Marshalls are moving toward self government in free association with the U.S., which is hardly surprising: The U.S. seized the islands from the Japanese in 1944 and, in an unusual display of good will, detonated atomic and hydrogen bombs on the islands, rendering some of them uninhabitable.

Tribe was first brought in as a consultant to write the judiciary provisions and the bill of rights. Last August, he went to the Marshalls to investigate special problems that the constitution must accommodate, like the feudal land system and the strong U.S. desire to remain at Kwajalein, the largest missile base in the world.

"I'm excited by the interface and intrigue of international policy, constitutional law and political activity involved in this endeavor," says Tribe, "I can redress constitutional errors made here [in the U.S.] like sex discrimination and newsroom searches."

Tribe plans to return to the Marshalls this month, where he will attend debates on the bill of rights and other provisions. The islanders will then vote on the new constitution next spring.

—Tom Rollins

Bayh: Claims innocence

FRED WARD/BLACK STAR

IT'S IN THE MAIL

BAYH CAUSES CONGRESS TO BE CREATIVE

The Senate Ethics Committee's decision to refer evidence regarding a $1000 contribution to Sen. Birch Bayh's (D.-Ind.) 1974 re-election campaign to the Justice Department for possible criminal prosecution has caused congresspeople to seek new loop-holes in campaign financing laws.

The contribution in question was duly recorded by the Bayh campaign in its report to the Federal Election Commission. The issue is whether the senator was handed the check in his Washington office—which would have been a violation of a 1948 statute prohibiting acceptance of such funds on federal property. Bayh denies that he personally received the contribution.

In any case, others on Capitol Hill aren't taking any chances. "Since the Bayh news broke," says one congressional aide, "we've had reply mail envelopes printed and when a wealthy contributor visits the office and wants to leave a campaign contribution, the congressman has him put his check in the envelope and then escorts him to the mail chute in the hall."

—Dorothy J. Samuels

GROWING, GROWING, GONE

MICE SURVIVE CANCER CURE

A novel theory formulated by a 38-year-old Providence, Rhode Island, medical professor, has produced one of the most promising leads to date in the war on cancer.

A few years ago, Dr. Daniel Dexter, assistant professor of medicine at Brown University Medical School and a cell biologist with Roger Williams General Hospital, noticed that cancer cells seemed "immature" both in their structural formation and in the chemicals they produce. He postulated that if the cells could be encouraged to "grow up" they would become less active and stop the crowding out of other cells.

Dexter started experimenting with various chemicals known to affect cellular growth. "Our approach was somewhat different," he said. "Most people have been looking for ways to kill cancer cells, but we were looking for something that might actually be said to encourage their development."

Dexter found that dimethyl formamide, a simple organic substance, caused human colon cancer cells and muscle tumor cells to mature in laboratory dishes. He then injected ten mice with DMF-treated human cancer cells, and 20 with untreated cancer cells. All the latter mice developed tumors, but only one of the former did.

In an uncontrolled experiment, Dexter injected large amounts of DMF into six mice with human tumors. Within ten days, all the tumors began to die. "It was amazing to see," said Dexter.

Roger Williams Hospital officials, explaining that the tests are far from conclusive, have put a clamp on all information since the discovery was announced last month. They are already getting inquiries from cancer patients but officials say that DMF treatment will not be available for several years.—*Bill Tucker and Bruce DaSilva*

INSIDER SPECIAL REPORT

BY PAUL GRABOWICZ & JOEL KOTKIN

THE CIA PUTS ITS MONEY WHERE ITS FRIENDS ARE

Schroders Limited, an obscure but powerful Anglo-American merchant banking firm, served for years as one of the depositories of a secret Central Intelligence Agency fund for covert operations, a former high-ranking CIA official has told THE INSIDER. The one-time top agent said Schroders—which has major offices in New York and London—was one of the main guardians of the estimated $50 million CIA director's contingency fund.

Schroders's relationship with the CIA first came to light last year during the espionage trial of former Agency employee Edwin G. Moore. Although virtually ignored by the press at the time, Moore revealed that in 1967 he received some $38,000 in back pay from a check drawn on a Schroder Trust Company account in New York after the then CIA Director Richard Helms had authorized his rehiring.

Moore's attorney, Skip Townsend, told us that his efforts to get the Agency to discuss the Schroder check ran into a solid wall of secrecy. "When we started asking about it, they clamped a lid down on it," Townsend recalled. "They determined [that] on this one issue, they would not put anyone on the stand."

While the Moore check provides the first tangible proof of a Schroders-CIA link, further investigation has uncovered a long and interlocking relationship between the investment bank and American intelligence officials, extending from the early days of the Cold War to the Carter Administration.

In 1937, Schroders (N.Y.) chose Allen Dulles, a member of its prestigious New York law firm, Sullivan and Cromwell, to sit on the bank's board of directors. Dulles went on to serve in the wartime OSS and later became deputy director and then director of the CIA. Even though Dulles severed his connection to Schroders in 1943, other Sullivan and Cromwell partners have continued to serve on Schroders's board of directors.

After the war, another top American intelligence official, Robert Patterson, joined the Schroders board. Patterson, a former Secretary of War, was a member of the National Intelligence Authority, which laid the groundwork for the nation's first large-scale intelligence effort. Meanwhile, Schroders was also developing links with the already entrenched spy community in England.

Schroders continued to share common interests with the American intelligence community during the 1950s. Throughout that period, the Dulles brothers—CIA director Allen and Secretary of State John Foster—arranged for numerous coups throughout the Third World as part of their international anti-Communist crusade. In several of the affected nations, the bank or its officers were deeply involved in local businesses that benefited directly from CIA-initiated actions.

A prime example of this CIA-Schroders coincidence of interest was the Agency-directed 1954 coup in Guatemala, which overthrew the communist-leaning régime of Jacobo Arbenz. One of the chief beneficiaries of the coup was International Railways of Central America—the country's major rail line—on whose board of directors sat two Schroders directors, including Gerald F. Beal, the railroad's chairman and president of Schroders in New York. The bank itself was further involved in handling bonds and debentures for the company.

International Railways bitterly opposed Arbenz, who had denounced the companies' exorbitant rates and actually seized control of the rail line during an October 1953 railway workers strike. Another strong Arbenz opponent was the United Fruit Company, which had formerly retained Sullivan and Cromwell partner John Foster Dulles as its legal counsel. Shortly before the coup, Guatemalan anti-communist leader Miguel Ydigoras Fuentes recalls being visited by CIA operatives, who offered him Agency support in exchange for promises to "favor the United Fruit Company and the International Railways of Central America," and to "destroy the railroad workers labor union." Fuentes maintains that he rejected these conditions as "unacceptable," but that didn't prevent Allen Dulles from using the CIA to initiate and finance the coup which ultimately toppled Arbenz.

Allen and John Foster Dulles: Taking care of business

Guatemala, however, is just one short thread in the world-wide meshing of CIA and Schroders interests. In 1953, the CIA sponsored a coup in Iran against the reformist régime of Premier Mohammed Mossadegh, which was attempting to nationalize the holdings of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. A top Schroders executive had been on the board of the Iranian oil firm for 30 years prior to the coup, and Schroders Limited Chairman, Michael J. Verey, today sits on the board of directors of British Petroleum, Anglo-Iranian Oil's successor and one of the western companies enjoying the more amicable oil policies of the Shah.

But perhaps the most flagrant overlapping of Schroders and CIA interests came in 1961, with the abortive Bay of Pigs invasion of Cuba. Masterminded by CIA Director Dulles, the invasion was aimed at toppling the newly established régime of Fidel Castro, which was bitterly opposed by U.S. and Cuban sugar interests. Schroders President Beal and Director George A. Braga were both on the board of directors of Francisco Sugar, whose 158,000 acres were confiscated by Castro in the period just prior to the invasion. Francisco Sugar, moreover, was yet another client of the ubiquitous Sullivan and Cromwell law firm.

Schroders Director Braga and his family were also involved in at least two other sugar companies with well over 200,000 acres confiscated by Castro. These men were so incensed by the new Cuban régime and so confident it could be toppled that Francisco Sugar President B.

MARTIN A. LEVICK/BLACK STAR

Schroders: Keeping up the facade

Rionda Braga (George's brother) told the *Wall Street Journal* on February 9, 1961, that it was "reasonable to hope that the present Cuban government will fall and American companies will be able to resume operations there." A scant two months later came the Bay of Pigs debacle which, instead of resulting in Castro's demise, led to the forced retirement of Dulles.

But the Cuban fiasco did not mean the end of Schroders's links to the American intelligence and foreign policy community. Paul Nitze, who was assistant secretary of defense for international security affairs during the Bay of Pigs invasion, and later deputy secretary of defense under Lyndon Johnson, joined the Schroders board in 1970. Most recently, President Carter's undersecretary state for economic affairs Richard Cooper, and Defense Secretary Harold Brown, served on the Schroders board just prior to their appointments. Schroders's interests were also entangled in Chile, where the bank has served as "fiscal agent" for some of that country's government bonds. In addition, in the early 1970s, then Schroders Director John G. Laylin, a Washington attorney, advised Cerro Corporation in its struggle to win compensation for assets nationalized by Marxist President Salvador Allende. In 1973, following the familar pattern, Allende himself was deposed in a coup which many reports assert was, at least in part, backed by the CIA.

Faced with these numerous CIA-Schroders connections, Agency spokesman Dale Peterson politely refused to discuss the matter. "We have nothing to say at all," Peterson told us. "If you have any kind of question on operational activities, we will have no comment."

Dorothy Baiocchi, a Schroders spokeswoman, was not so well mannered. "Why should we dignify this story with a comment?" she snarled. "We'll vociferously deny anything you'll say." When asked about the check written to former CIA operative Edwin Moore from her bank, the spokeswoman responded snidely, "Anything can be fabricated on a xerox machine." She then added, "As far as I'm concerned, you haven't written anything and you haven't called me. I'm not denying anything. I'm not dignifying the fact that you're writing this story. You're tilting at windmills."

Special thanks for assistance in preparing this article goes to the Center for National Security Studies in Washington, D.C., and the Data Center of Oakland, Ca.

REEFER MADNESS

DEA HEAD WANTS STRICTER POT PENALTIES

With the propot legalization forces in the White House disarmed by the Peter Bourne drug fiasco, Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) boss Peter Bensinger is launching an all-out effort to increase penalties for selling cannabis. The nation's top nark, a Ford appointee, has recently described marijuana as being more carcinogenic than cigarettes, more brain damaging than alcohol and an insidious threat to unborn infants.

Propot lobbiests in Washington seem particularly concerned that President Carter, whose new drug adviser is Bensidger ally Lee Dogoloff—a Nixon holdover —is backing away from his prodecriminalization position announced in August 1977.

Congress and the Justice Dept. seem to be backing Georgia Senator Sam Nunn's constitutionally questionable bill, which would allow judges broad discretion to impose preventive detention on drug traffickers—to the extent of holding a suspect without bail. "It's reefer madness revisited" insists Keith Stroup, director of NORML. "People say DEA was an agency of fear under Nixon, but under Carter, national drug policy is worse."

DEA forces, meanwhile, believe their charge that pot is a super-carcinogen will initiate a stricter antigrass policy. But Bensinger's claim that "the American Cancer Society confirms that marijuana represents a more serious cancer threat than cigarettes," was refuted. An ACS spokeswoman said the group "has no national policy on marijuana and cancer." She added, "We're interested in it though, but for treatment of pain for cancer victims."

—Joel Kotkin and Dorothy J. Samuels

NO DIRTY TRICKS

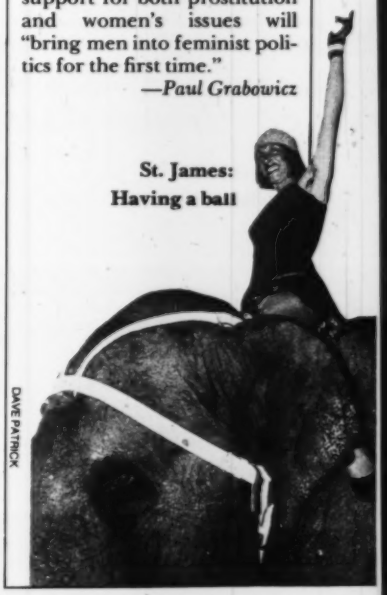
THE FIRST LADY OF THE NIGHT

Ex-prostitute and founder of Coyote, the nation's largest hookers' rights organization, Margo St. James, is California's latest entry in the 1980 presidential sweepstakes.

California's "favorite daughter" kicked off her campaign for the GOP presidential nomination last month by mounting an aging elephant at San Francisco's famed "Hookers' Ball." Explaining her decision to run as a Republican, St. James says, "I have a criminal record, and I felt I could find more acceptance among the Republicans because of it."

St. James's platform includes the decriminalization of prostitution, declaring marijuana as the nation's "cash crop" to boost the economy, wages for housewives, and support for the Equal Rights Amendment. She hopes her support for both prostitution and women's issues will "bring men into feminist politics for the first time."

—Paul Grabowicz



DAVE PATRICK

St. James: Having a ball

OF A DIFFERENT COLLAR

CLERGY OPPOSE ABORTION FOES

It is not uncommon to hear members of the clergy speaking out against the destruction of a fetus at public forums on abortion. In several states, however, clergymen are now arguing against restrictions on abortion, as happened recently in New Jersey.

The legislature has yet to decide on an "informed cosent" law which would require doctors to describe the human characteristics of a fetus prior to giving a woman an abortion. And a state superior court judge will soon rule on a class action suit filed by a proabortion coalition to lift restrictions on Medicaid payments for the operation.

In both cases, religious spokesmen like the Rev. Raymond Pontier, a Unitarian minister with the Religious Coalition for Abortion Rights, and Charles West, a professor of ethics at the Princeton Theological Seminary, testified that human life begins at birth rather than at conception.

Kay Krug, president of New Jersey Right to Life, called the new tactic a "last straw," adding, "They are using it in a number of states, and I think it's a smoke screen because nothing else is working for them."

"It is a fairly new tactic" said New Jersey Right to Choose President Kate Patsuris, "but it's always been my argument that whether or not you think life begins at birth is basically a religious belief. To be able to practice what you believe is a matter of religious freedom."

—Michael Hoyt

AIR AND SEA RESCUE

MARIJUANA: WASHED UP IN FLORIDA

A gold rush is sweeping Florida, where scavengers are combing the coast for stray bales of Columbian pot.

Because of the stiff penal-

EUGENE ANTHONY/BLACK STAR

Scavengers strike gold

ties for importing pot, smugglers sometimes deep-six their cargo at sea when the heat is on. Often, the contraband can later be spotted bobbing in the Atlantic surf where, presumably, it is picked up by authorities and destroyed.

But increasingly, officials are being beaten to the stash by "balers"—entrepreneurs who scan the coast line with binoculars searching for bales of the valuable seaweed. "You only have to find it once a year to make a decent living," says the girlfriend of one baler, "My old man quit his job and I'm only working part-time. He's out there looking right now."

Prime baling territories include the water surrounding the Keys and the state's east coast from Datona Beach south, where life guards have reported rescuing 50-pound bundles. But the best area of all is the swamp lands of the Everglades, where pot-laden planes make their drops nightly—often missing their targets.

Pot soaked in salt water loses a little potency and can be contaminated by an invisible strain of bacteria. One surfer, whose friends scored near south Cocoa Beach, tried eating the weed in brownies baked at 350° and found the heat was insufficient to kill the impurity. "It put me out for 14 hours with body chills, vomiting and giant convulsions," he said. "But it works great in a joint."

—Eric Estrin

SPYING ON POLICE SPYING

FBI FEARS ITS FRIENDS

In a far-reaching case of professional competition, documents recently released under the Freedom of Information Act prove that for 18 years the FBI spied on one of its presumed colleagues, the Law Enforcement Intelligence Unit (LEIU), a national association of police designed to coordinate information on organized crime.

J. Edgar Hoover's fear of rivalry surfaced in 1966, when Dallas police lieutenant Jack Revill and Los Angeles police captain John Yarnell, two LEIU officials, aquired an FBI report on the mafia and passed it along to other group members. Dozens of documents in the FBI's 1000-page-long dossier on LEIU characterize the incident as "atrocious" and "unscrupulous." It appears that Hoover took the leak so seriously that he successfully pressured the Dallas police department into demoting Revill.

The FBI then established a network of confidential informants among LEIU's ranks though carefully steering clear of any official involvement with the unit. Hoover's paranoia was so pervasive that in January 1961 he sent a memo to four FBI field offices directing them to "discreetly determine in all available detail the plans and strategies of LEIU and any faction or factions in it to go national."

Despite its extensive investigation, the FBI never uncovered any solid evidence of corruption or criminal activity by LEIU members. (The feds did, however, find indications that the group was illegally spying on civil rights activists, but was hardly in a position to point any fingers.) The FBI continued to keep tabs on LEIU until as late as 1974, advising agents in the field, "to be most circumspect in dealing with members of LEIU and to keep the Bureau advised of pertinent developments concerning the activities of that organization." *—Bill Wallace*

WIDE RANGE ACCESSORIES

LOOPHOLES BIG ENOUGH TO DRIVE A JEEP THROUGH

Just east of Cairo, the American Motors Corporation is building a huge plant to assemble jeeps for the Egyptian government. And, just down the road, a British enterprise is building a plant to assemble Swingfire antitank missiles, which happen to be jeep-mounted.

This coincidence recently moved Sen. Clifford Case (R.-N.J.) to wonder aloud whether American jeeps will be used by the Egyptians to launch missiles. And if so, why wasn't Congress called on to approve the arms sale? Because, Case was told by the State Department, since the jeeps are "nonmilitary items," there was no need to ask for congressional approval.

Case and several other members of Congress were annoyed by the State Department's reaction, since it underscored a major loophole in the current law: Congressional approval is required on all overseas arms sales, but the definition of what constitutes "arms" remains unclear. Legislation closing such loopholes is expected in the next session of Congress.

—Ernie Volkman

UPI

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NewTimes

The Synanon Horrors

"Nonviolence was just a position. We can change positions any time we want to"

by Robert Sam Anson

Something was in the mailbox.

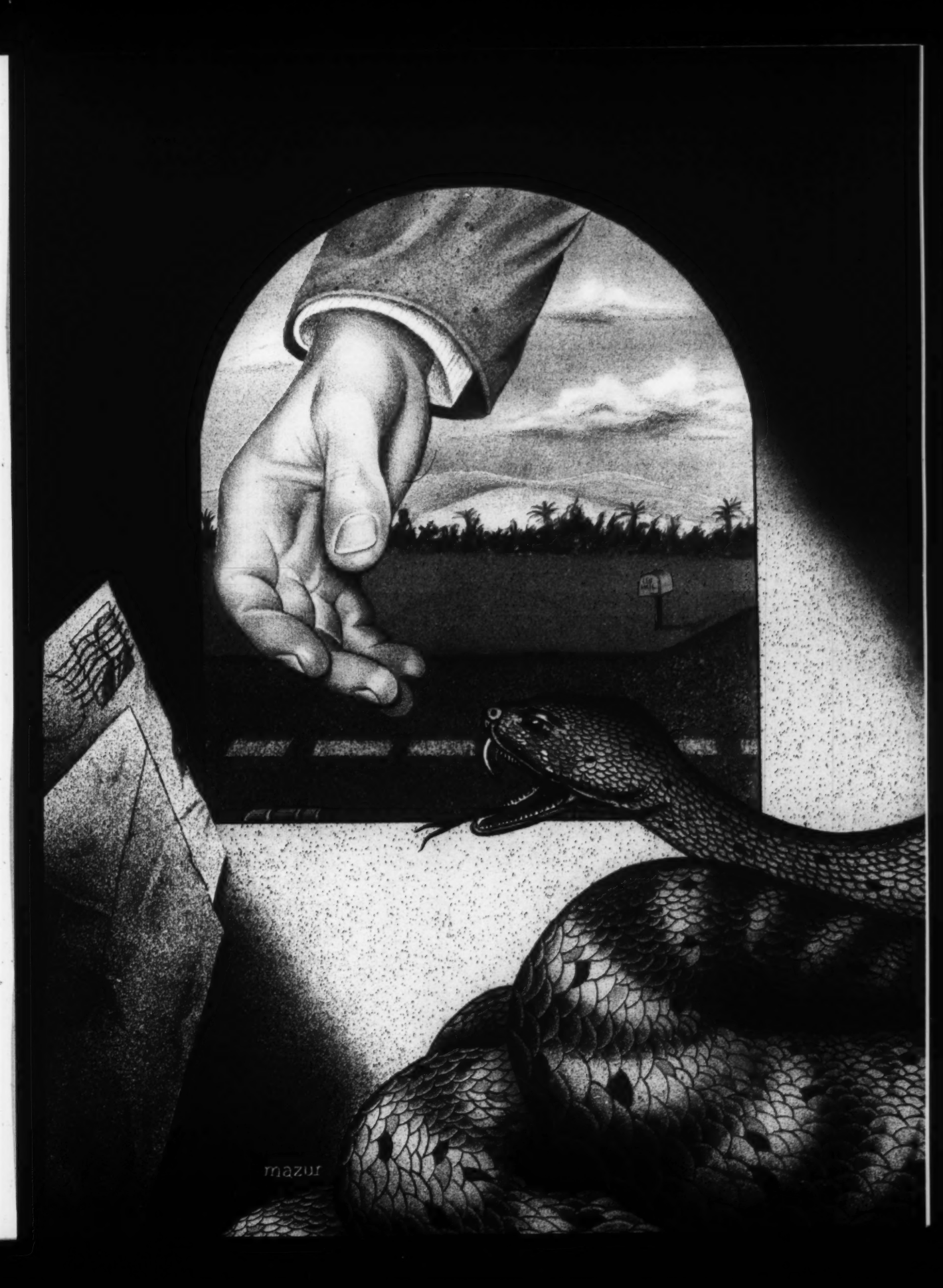
Paul Morantz could see that, just barely. Without his contacts, all he could make out was a slight bulge in the grating of the mail chute. A package, he thought; these days, he was always getting packages and bulky envelopes—from people around the country, telling him their stories about Synanon, asking his help, begging him to bring back a child, a brother, a loved one. Paul Morantz was the man to come to. Only three weeks before, he had won a $300,000 default judgment against Synanon for a couple who had charged false imprisonment, brainwashing and kidnapping. The case had made him a minor celebrity in Los Angeles—and it had scared him. He had heard of the beatings other Synanon opponents had suffered, the $307,000 cache of guns and ammunition the organization possessed, the fanaticism of its 900 members. Morantz had better watch himself, ex-Synanon members warned—he was near the top of the organization's "enemies." Morantz had taken the warnings seriously. There was a new shotgun in his house, and he had recently begun looking in the rearview mirror of his car, alert for any shaven-headed men who might be following him. Just that afternoon he'd met with representatives of the Los Angeles Police Department and the California attorney general's office, outlining the danger he was in and asking for protection. Paul Morantz was scared, all right. He might be killed soon, he had told his mother a few days before. He was ready for it, he said. He had lived a full life; he had few regrets.

It was nearly five o'clock. The World Series was just beginning on the bedroom television. Outside, a newsboy pedaled furiously up the quiet, tree-lined street to finish his deliveries. At that moment, the only thoughts in Paul Morantz's mind were the Dodgers and taking it easy. Then he remembered the mail. During the game he had planned to flip through the mail. He walked to the box. Something was in there. Casually, absently, he pulled open the grating and reached inside.

The pain he felt was sharp and searing. "Like a vise," he said later, "getting tighter and tighter and tighter." Morantz yanked his hand back and with it drew a 4½-foot diamondback rattlesnake, its fangs embedded between the thumb and first finger of his left hand. He shook his arm and the viper fell to the floor; it curled to strike again. The snake made no sound; its warning rattles had been removed. Carefully, painstakingly, Morantz slid out of killing range and, with all his strength, burst through the door. "It's Synanon," he cried. "Synanon got me."

It was hard to believe at first, hard even after the police traced the license number of a suspicious car that had been seen outside Morantz's home to Synanon, which denied any involvement; still hard after two of Synanon's members, one of them the son of band leader Stan Kenton, the other a Vietnam veteran named Joe Musico, were arrested and charged with conspiracy to commit murder; and perhaps hardest of all to imagine Synanon being even remotely connected to a crime so bizarre, so Manson-like in its implications. But there it was: a rattlesnake in a mailbox.

The memories of Synanon, drawn from the sixties, were all positive ones. Faded clippings from *Life*, recounting how Synanon, and only Synanon, suc-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Many try,
but none succeed.
You just can't copy
a true original.

Because it's rare.

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky © 1978 Paddington Corp., N.Y.

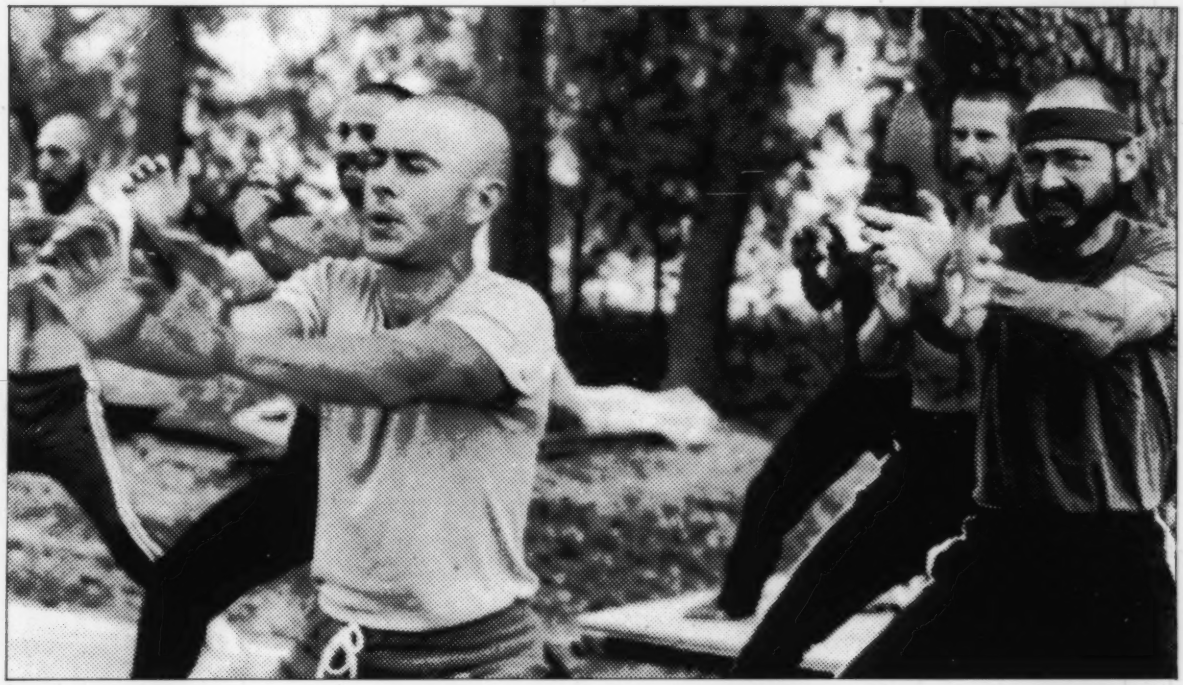
cessfully rehabilitated junkies. Steve Allen pitching for them on the *Tonight Show*. Old Tom Dodd telling the Senate that the work they did was "a man-made miracle." Beverly Hills libs rushing out to unburden themselves at the weekly Synanon encounter session. Synanon was the good guys, the communal lifestylers who wouldn't hurt a fly. Nonviolence. That was their rap. And with it they were going to change the world, and, for some of those suffering the most, they already had.

But to read the papers and watch the evening news, a new Synanon story seemed to be emerging every week: shaved heads, mass vasectomies, group remarriages, threats of violence—each step a little more militant than the last, as if building toward something. But this—talk about "Imperial Marines" and "hit lists" and "dealing with enemies"—this seemed crazy, too crazy for belief. And that was the real horror. Because it was crazy. And it was true. And to understand how it happened, you have to go back to the beginning, back 20 years to an ex-alcoholic named Charles E. Dederich.

In the mid-fifties, Chuck Dederich was a falling-down drunk. Born in Ohio, he was already drinking heavily by the time he was out of high school. He dropped out of Notre Dame and spent the next two decades drifting through a succession of marriages and jobs. Eventually he wound up in California, unemployed (he had worked as a statistician and salesman), broke and, as

Dederich talked of a new Synanon, peopled by zealots, "a really tight, totally committed, clipped haired, uniform wearing, almost militaristic organization"

usual, drunk. He took his last dime and dropped it in a pay phone. The number he dialed was Alcoholics Anonymous. AA sobered him up, and not long afterward, Dederich cashed a $33 unemployment check to rent a shabby Santa Monica storefront as a treatment center of his own. Dederich called the place the TLC (Tender Loving Care) Club. But what Dederich dispensed to the alkies and addicts who soon began to flock in was anything but tenderness. He was tough. He was profane. He was a dictator. And they loved him for it. "My God,



how that man could talk," remembers Dave Fagel, a charter recruit who stayed with Dederich for the next 18 years. "He was a spell-binder. And brilliant. You never met a man as smart as Chuck, or as funny. He was so charismatic. You could not resist him. He made you feel what it was like to be a man again."

Dederich's technique, culled from his experience at AA and his own voracious reading—notably Emerson, Freud and Lao-tzu—involved hard manual labor, carefully applied mutual support and, at the center, the Synanon "Game": prolonged group encounter sessions, during which personalities were stripped bare and defenses broken down. The sessions were called symposiums or seminars, until a confused junkie elided the two words into one: "Synanon."

Richard Ofshe, a Berkeley sociologist who spent a year studying the Synanon game, described it thusly: "In the game, it is not only acceptable to criticize the mistakes and stupidities of others or to reveal one's negative reactions to someone else's behavior, it is the purpose of the game. The game is the arena in which strong emotions are displayed, individuals learn how to react to their behavior and demands are made to correct errors.... Games have an aggressive tone, since they usually proceed on the basis of indictments in which one participant points out the defect, transgression or error of another. The norms of the game call for the group to support the indictment, and unless the indicted individual can quickly fend off the attack, he finds himself opposed by the entire group, with various members adding their observations in support of

Synanon Needs You: Members of the Synanon National Guard being put through their paces, including "Syn-do," their version of karate. "We're concerned about the rising crime rate," a brochure explains. "If trouble should occur, we're prepared to handle it"

Photographs courtesy of the Point Reyes Light

the original charge." The most dramatic aspect of Dederich's game, though, was its efficacy: It worked. Junkies got off the needle. Pill heads put away their pills. Alkies climbed on the wagon. And, in a remarkably short time, a messianic cant started coming out of Santa Monica: "Synanon saved my life."

As the number of saved lives increased, Synanon's fame grew. Dederich, a masterful promoter ("I have the normal desire to get my name in the newspapers and history books"), made for colorful copy. To read the stories and listen to the glowing testimonials of the rag-tag lot to which he ministered, here was a raw-boned, tough-talking individualist who, by dint of his own sweat and imagination, was succeeding where millions of dollars, prisons and assorted government programs had failed. It was hard not to be moved by the Synanon saga. Everything about it seemed genuine and affecting: the grit, the determination, the hassles with the law (at one point, the authorities in conservative Santa Monica clapped Dederich into jail for 25 days on a charge of running a health-care facility in a residential zone), the sheer impossibility of transforming, in the words of one ex-Synanon addict, "the scum of the earth, the dope fiends, the drunks, the crazy, the criminal into a movement that would be a model for society—that, by its example, would change society itself."

"You can't imagine how intoxicating Dederich is... You knew he had control over your life. He could do with you what he wanted to"

Soon, Dederich's organization, fed by contributions from wealthy liberal givers and public-relations-conscious businesses, sprawled into a $20-million enterprise, with facilities in Santa Monica, San Francisco, Oakland; Westport, Connecticut; New York, Chicago, Detroit, Malaysia, the Philippines, West Germany—along with sprawling ranches in Badger and Tomales Bay, California. Dederich needed the space to accommodate his burgeoning population, which, at its peak, numbered more than 2,000 addicts, alcoholics and "character-disordered" people, along with some 10,000 "squares" who regularly dropped in to play the Synanon game. Synanon itself spawned its own million-dollar business, selling embossed specialty items. There was a chain of five Synanon-run gas stations, a fleet of ten airplanes, a mini-armada of 21 boats, even a private "radio station"—"the wire"—linking Synanon's California facilities.

From all over the world the experts came to marvel at Dederich's techniques, gaping at the computerized (courtesy of Sperry Rand) empire he had built, the lives he had changed, the psychological methods he had fashioned and, most of all, the thousands of perpetually smiling former misfits who worshiped "the Founder" as they would a god. More than a dozen books were written about his work, which was soon copied in other drug-treatment programs across the country. There were tributes from politicians, judges, educators and clergymen; even the cops said he was doing a good job. Hollywood made a feature film about him, and Hallmark featured one of his sayings—"Today is the first day of the rest of your life"—on greeting cards and posters. For a time, it was hard to pick up a magazine without reading about Chuck Dederich or the miracles he was working at Synanon. He was a journalist's delight. He was so quotable. He made such sense. "Crime is stupid, delinquency is stupid and the use of narcotics is stupid," he told a *New York Times* reporter in 1965. "What Synanon is dealing with is addiction to stupidity."

The force of his personality was overwhelming, almost hypnotic and, to some, terrifying. "You can't imagine how intoxicating he is," says a former Synanite who was with Dederich for nearly 20 years. ". . . You could walk into those sessions ready to challenge him, and walk out without saying a word. You knew he had control over your life. He could do with you what he wanted to do." Partially, Dederich's power was in the way he looked, short and stocky, like a barroom bouncer, with a deeply pockmarked face surrounding hooded, piercing eyes that looked as if they had seen it all. Partially it was the way he talked, ceaselessly, dramatically, engagingly, sprinkling jokes and obscenities with quotes from Henry David Thoreau. Partially it was the awareness of what he had done and the history he had changed, the entire philosophy and way of living he had devised, all on his own. He was, say his friends, impossible to easily characterize. On the one hand, he was the most utopian kind of visionary; on the other, the most hard-headed of pragmatic planners. He was at one moment the mendicant in farmer's overalls, and the next the "emperor" who traveled in a chauffeured Cadillac. No one knew quite what to make of him, and that in itself was a source of his power. "The Left loved him because he was a humanitarian and believed in nonviolence and communal living," says a longtime observer of Dederich's career. "The Right loved him because he

QPB quiz for hard-core readers.

349

1. What sent the Connecticut Yankee to Camelot?
2. You know Twain's real name. What was Stendhal's? George Eliot's? What was the Bronte sisters' pen name?
3. *The Golden Bough* influenced what 20th-century poem?
4. What dramatic heroine had an obsession with hair?
5. By what name did Dickens hate to be called?
6. How old were Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway when they married?
7. Which movie star appeared most often on LIFE's cover? How many times?
8. Why did Henry James become a British citizen a year before his death?
9. "Abstemious" is one of two words in English with all five vowels in the right order. What is the other?
10. Who was—probably—the father of Chaucer's children?
11. Who is the hero of *Slaughterhouse-Five*?
12. Which literary hero is associated with "flensing": (a) Macbeth (b) Ahab (c) Bilbo Baggins (d) Tom Sawyer

1. A crowbar in the side of the head. 2. Marie Henri Beyle, Mary Ann Evans, Bell. 3. *The Waste Land*. 4. Hedda Gabler. 5. Grandpa. 6. He, 18; she, 26. 7. Elizabeth Taylor, 11 times. 8. To protest the U.S. failure to enter WWI. 9. Facetious. 10. John of Gaunt. 11. Pilgrim. 12. (b).

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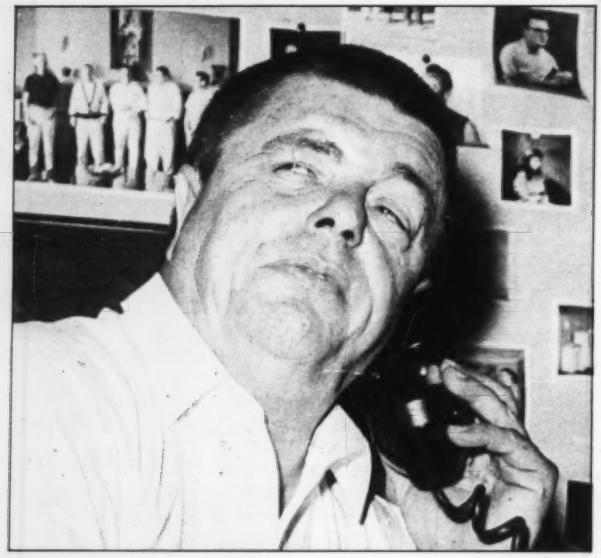

The Founder: Chuck Dederich was tough. He was profane. He was a dictator. And the Synanites loved him for it

wouldn't take a dime from the government and was getting all the muggers and junkies off the streets. It was the ultimate coalition. You couldn't touch him."

But, quietly, gradually, hidden from public view, Chuck Dederich and Synanon were changing. It was, as with most things at Synanon, an evolutionary process, and before it would be completed nearly a decade would pass. A number of factors were involved: the restlessness of Dederich's mind, his personal life, the problems he confronted, the nature of the times and, perhaps more than anything, his compulsion to continually change and experiment. As Dederich himself once put it: "Anything less than changing the world is Mickey Mouse to me." By 1968, the first signs of a drastic shift were apparent. At its root lay the problem of recidivism: the tendency of addicts to go back to dope once they had left the therapeutic setting.

Originally, Dederich designed Synanon as a three-stage process: live in and work in; live in and work out; and, finally, usually after two or three years, "graduation" into the outside world. How many of its graduates returned to their former ways was a statistic Synanon, if it knew, never divulged. But the question evidently worried Dederich. He began brooding about it, and the more he brooded, the more convinced he became that the problem was not merely the dope and alcohol that were available on the outside, but the outside itself. As the years passed, he railed with growing stridency at the "unholiness" and "evil" of the world beyond Synanon's walls, a world where, in Dederich's telling, humans lied, cheated, murdered and became addicted almost as a matter of course. So great was his obsession, and so totally did his followers come to believe it, that one visitor to Synanon was asked by a six-year-old whether he "lied," "hit children" or "drank whiskey." To protect his residents against such abuses, Dederich called a series of games in 1968 to evaluate "the graduate problem." Out of those games came a momentous decision: Henceforth, Synanon would be a permanent experience, an all-inclusive way of life from birth to death.

At about the same time Dederich made another, equally far-reaching decision: to take in, as permanent residents, "squares" from the outside world — ordinary men, women and children who were attracted to Synanon not for its curative powers but for the communal, nonviolent, highly ordered lifestyle it afforded. The "lifestylers," as they were known in Synanon argot, had begun drifting in during the middle sixties, when worries about the war and teenage drug addiction were at their peak ("I didn't want my kids growing up in that kind of environment," says one Beverly Hills mother. "Synanon seemed safe"). Dederich welcomed them warmly. For the lifestylers brought with them not only desperately needed managerial talents but also prodigious amounts of cash. To enter Synanon, lifestylers were expected to liquidate all that they owned—homes, personal effects, cars, bank accounts, stocks, businesses—and turn over the proceeds to "the community." Some of the lifestylers ponied up $50,000 and more. Dorothy Salant, cousin of CBS News chief Richard Salant, contributed more than $1 million. A prominent Los Angeles businessman named Ed Siegal signed over his interest in a large company. The value of one block of stock was reported at $890,000.

In reward for their contributions, the lifestylers were spared most of the onerous regime the addicts went through. Instead of manual labor, beginning with scrubbing pots and pans and working their way up, they were slotted in the choicest Synanon jobs, given the best housing, the most privileges. When the "dope fiends" complained, Dederich ruthlessly gamed them. "To hell with you dope fiends," one ex-addict quotes him as saying. "I hate dope fiends. I hate that I've had to kiss your ass to build Synanon." They were "dinosaurs" and "assholes." Dederich told them; worthless, stupid, a danger to themselves and society, which had to be protected from them, a job only Synanon could do. If they left Synanon, he said, they would "fall into a manhole." "I made you sane, I can make you insane," one woman quotes him as saying. Many of the former addicts believed him. For all the abuse he gave them, they were devoted to Dederich and fearful that what he promised about life on the outside might be true. The only success they had ever known had been inside Synanon; outside, they had been crippled. All they possessed, down to the clothes

"Chuck never had to order anything," said a former Synanon official. "Chuck would say it and the little Chucks would say it, talking just like him"

Photographs: WIDE WORLD, UPI

on their backs, came from the foundation. If they chose to become "splitees," Dederich could be merciless in taking it all away.

It happened to Bill and Sylvia Crawford. Bill, an ex-junkie, had been with Synanon for 18 years, the third longest in seniority after Chuck himself. Sylvia, a former acid head, had lived at Synanon for eight years. Finally, in 1977, the Crawfords decided that they had had enough. Hoping to sever their ties as gracefully as possible, they phoned Dederich to inform him of their decision. "So long, kids," Dederich told them, and hung up. Then, just as the Crawfords were preparing to walk out the door, Dederich's voice came booming over the wire. As Crawford quotes him, Dederich shouted: "Strip them, search them, don't let them leave here with anything except the clothes on their backs." Which is precisely what a gang of a dozen Synanon residents did. Once outside, the Crawfords say they were followed by two Synanon residents. For the next week the couple lived in such terror that, according to Sylvia, "I literally would not walk to the bathroom without Bill holding my hand." Recently their employer, a private school in California's Tulare County, has received two letters from Synanon members, detailing Bill's alleged sexual indiscretions. One of the Synanites warned that if action were not taken against him, he would inform the state Department of Health, which licenses the school. At the same time, the Crawfords say, two Synanon "investigators" began circulating through their neighborhood, pointedly asking merchants and school officials if they knew "what kind of people these are." Recently, when Crawford's daughter visited him from Synanon, she asked his wife, "Why do they call Daddy a pervert?"

Cases like the Crawfords' were rationalized within Synanon as "betrayals of Chuck." That was an unpardonable sin. For, increasingly, the Founder was taking on the status of a secular god. He joked about it at first, dismissing suggestions that Synanon was a religion with the comment, "Yes, but with a small 'r.'" But as the years passed Synanon's religious trappings grew, and with them, the adulation of Dederich. He took to wearing custom-designed priest's robes to special Synanon games, and the place where they were conducted was christened the "Stew Temples." His new wife, Betty, a former junkie and prostitute from Detroit, proclaimed herself "High Priestess of Synanon." Dederich's aphorisms were plastered on the walls of Synanon facilities like so much Mao-thought, ex-Synanites say, and a microphone hung above his place at the dining table, ready to catch his every word. Within the foundation, his wisdom was quoted constantly. And lest there be any

Alive with pleasure!
Newport

After all, if smoking isn't a pleasure, why bother?

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

missing of the message, Dederich's rambling, often profane musings, along with Synanon games and announcements, were piped 24 hours a day over the wire. Listening, save in the privacy of the bedroom, was compulsory. His presence was overpowering. "Chuck never had to order anything," remembers a former Synanon official. "Chuck would say it and the little Chucks would say it, talking just like him."

With his growing clout, Dederich found that he could have his way about almost anything. His obsessions seemed harmless enough at first. He stopped smoking, so everyone else stopped smoking. He decided that there should be no sugar in the food or white flour in the bread. So there was no sugar or white flour. He took up whittling. So everyone took up whittling 30 minutes a night at "Hobby Lobby." He went on a diet, so everyone went on a diet, with compulsory weekly weigh-ins. He decided it would be healthy to do aerobic exercises. So, for 15 minutes every morning, everyone in Synanon did aerobic exercises.

Not everyone bent to his will, however. With each new bit of caprice, more and more Synanon members left. Dederich was glad to see them go. He wanted the dead wood out. Synanon, he fretted, had lost its cutting edge, had become merely "great for the Sunday supplements." But the truth was, he told ex-Synanite Dave Gurstel, "We really haven't done much the last ten years." Dederich talked of a new Synanon peopled by zealots, "a really tight, totally committed, clipped haired, uniform wearing, almost militaristic organization," as his wife expressed it in a poem. As a sign of where the foundation was heading, Dederich had a pamphlet printed up for newcomers. Its title: "How to Become a Synanon Fanatic."

But even the fanatics were unprepared for the radicalism of Dederich's next move: preemptive birth control—vasectomies for the men, abortions for the women.

The announcement came on January 1, 1977. Dederich had decided that henceforth Synanon would care for "the children of the world," the abused, the neglected, the delinquent. More than a hundred of them had already come to join Synanon's "Punk Squad," and, thanks to Synanon's aggressive recruiting and friendly juvenile authorities, their ranks were bound to increase. But the cost and time involved in caring for them would also increase, Dederich noted. So Synanon would have to make a sacrifice. And the sacrifice was giving up the right to bear their own children.

Privately, Dederich had another reason. Always intent on keeping Synanon on a sound economic footing—"We're in the people business," he once told a reporter, "just exactly as if we were building Chevrolet axles"—Dederich was worried by the mounting costs of maintaining the Synanon school, which cared for Synanon's children from the age of six months on. In a series of conversations with Al Bauman, the director of Synanon's school and then the foundation's president, Dederich spelled out his worries. "Chuck didn't like how much it cost," recounts Bauman. "And from a dollars-and-cents standpoint it *was* expensive—not only educating the kids, but in the lost time that came from having Synanon adults do it. Chuck finally said that there was no place for children anymore at Synanon."

"The Founder told me that character-disordered people should not re-breed," said a Synanon veteran who was pressured into a vasectomy

Like all of Dederich's notions, the childlessness was simply a suggestion at first—an idea casually planted at a game. At the next game, he articulated the idea more forcefully, and more forcefully still at the next. At no time, though, did Dederich insist that all Synanites abandon any thought of having children. Nor did he have to. "Chuck," says Bauman, "used ambiguity to exercise his power." As usual, the tactic worked. Within weeks, what had begun as an apparently innocent intellectual proposition had, thanks to the devotion of Dederich's faithful followers, swelled to a religious movement. From there, it was only a short step to the last order: Obey or get out.

The rush to comply resembled a stampede. Within a week nearly 200 men had undergone vasectomies, performed in Synanon by Synanon's own cadre of doctors, working ten hours a day, seven days a week. "There was a feeling of zealotry," recalls a member of the medical team. "People were literally putting their balls on the line for Synanon. It was emotional hysteria." A number of men entered the operating rooms supported by their friends, shaking and weeping. At one point in Tomales Bay, four doctors waited with scalpels at the ready while their patients were called out of a game, one by one. A father came in holding the hands of his two sons, aged 18 and 19, so that all three of them might have the surgery together as a family. Recalcitrant men were pressured into complying by continual haranguing at a 70-hour-long "Stew." Dederich himself put the screws to his own aide, a Synanon veteran named Bobby Kohl. "The Founder," says Kohl, "told me character-disordered people should not re-breed." A Synanite named Phil Ritter, appalled by what he was witnessing, fled into the night to summon the sheriff. But there was nothing the sheriff could do. Legally, the operations were above board. The real question was the moral one. "A lot of these guys were under obvious emotional duress," admits a member of the medical team that performed the operations. "They were being coerced. Some of them were scared to death." They went along, however, as did the doctors who operated on them. One of the few who did not was Charles E. Dederich. "I am not bound by the rules," he said later. "I make them."

For the women, the situation was far worse. Unlike the men, who merely had to give up the possibility of having children, the women were being asked to abort babies already in their wombs. When the policy came down, four women were pregnant, one of them more than four months. All of them desperately wanted to have children. Yet all of them wound up having abortions. In the interim, they were gamed. One woman was castigated by the group for not getting "permission" from the community to become pregnant in the first place. She was told, according to one former Synanite, that she was "taking advantage" of Synanon by having a baby, since on the outside her husband, an ex-addict, could never have afforded to support a wife and child. Eventually, after what one Synanite woman describes as "a lot of tears and moans and shrieking," she submitted. "I will give it up for Synanon," she told one of her friends. ". . . I want Synanon more than anything." One by one, the others crumbled. A former Synanite describes how it was for his ex-wife, then three months pregnant: "She felt like she was in a Nazi concentration camp," he says quietly. "She was depressed and talked about suicide. I told her we should leave, but she wouldn't. She wanted to stay, but she didn't know what to do. Because she couldn't stay and still have the baby. All these other women kept coming around and gaming her. They sounded like tape recorders. They kept telling her what an 'opportunity' she had to 'make this sacrifice' for 'the community.' Finally, she had the abortion."

All that remained was the final frontier: marriage itself. Within Synanon, where everything was always changing, few things seemed so permanent as marriage. Dederich actively promoted it. Couples were good for Synanon, he had always said; their stabilizing influ-

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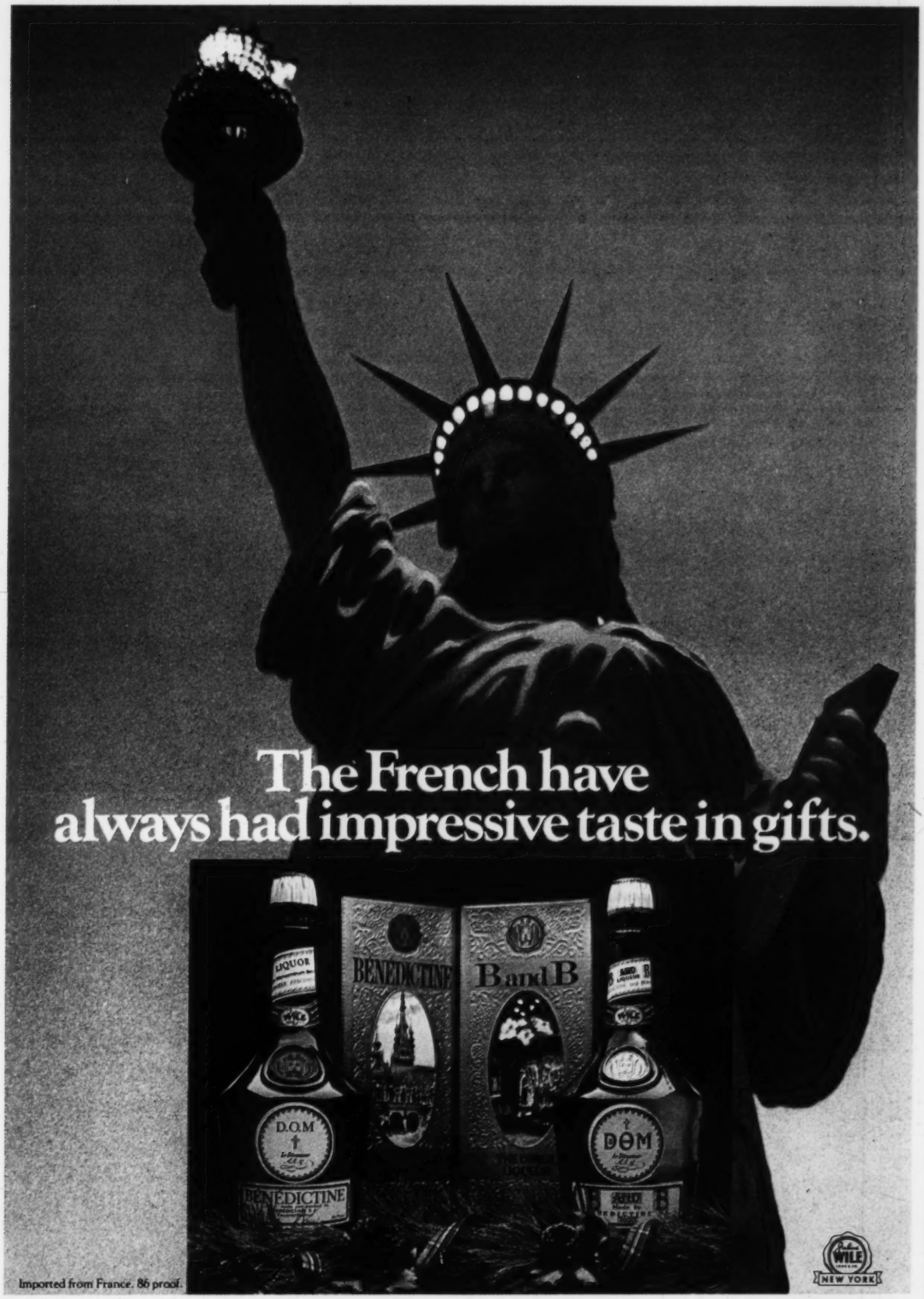
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The Synanon Two-Step: In 1968, Synanon became an all-inclusive way of life, from birth to death

ence provided a natural anchor. Anything that would disrupt that support, such as adultery or casual sex among unmarrieds, was dealt with harshly and immediately. Then, in April 1977, Betty Dederich died of cancer, and all at once the permanent lost its permanency. "She was the brake," comments one of Dederich's friends. "When she went, there were no restraints."

For weeks Dederich was lost in grief, a sorrow so deep and pervasive that some of his friends feared for his health. Then, unexpectedly, he snapped out of it. As Dederich put it: "I sent up a flare, like any monarch of old times would have done. I let the word out that I was available." Immediately the applications from Synanite women began to pour in, some in the form of letters, others broadcast over the wire. Dederich narrowed his list to six, went out on a few dates and finally took a spouse, a 31-year-old teacher. That, however, was only the beginning. "Chuck," relates a former Synanon resident, "was miserable. He wanted everyone else to be miserable."

"Changing partners," Dederich called the idea—one massive divorce and remarriage for all the married couples in Synanon. "Most of these people were going to be divorced anyway, eventually," Dederich explained to a reporter. "I thought, 'Wouldn't it be funny to perform some kind of emotional surgery on people who are getting along pretty well?' " The residents did not share Dederich's humor. But he persisted, and eventually persuaded two couples to take up his idea. "They were almost like sacrificial lambs," Dederich said pridefully. "After them, it was easier. They were on my side." Soon a kind of mania began to sweep across Synanon, half terror and half giddy exaltation.

In Tomales Bay, a father came in, holding the hands of his two sons so that all three of them might have the surgery together as a family

Within days, 230 couples filed for divorce and, after appropriate Synanon "separation ceremonies," they were love-matched to their new mates. In some instances, men and women were paired off to mates who were all but strangers. "Once it started, it was like an auction block," one former Synanite remembers. "We were all gathered in one big room, and they had all these names on the blackboard to pick from. 'I have a woman—who wants her?' someone would yell. . . like an auctioneer. The older men were encouraging the younger women. It was a festive atmosphere. But in the back, people were crying and wailing and moaning. I cannot describe what a bizarre scene it was." Adds another man who lost his wife: "We were bought and sold like so many porkers."

Once the transaction was completed, management took pains to see that the deal was consummated. One former Synanon member claims he was severely gamed for failing to make love to his new wife. His real wife, meanwhile, faked illness to avoid going to bed with her new husband. Finally, after a month, the two of them decided to leave. They informed Dederich of their decision, and he flew into a rage. "Put those people in a pickup truck and throw them in a ditch," they quote him as ordering. Three Synanites hauled the couple away into the night. Once they were far from the facility, and 11 miles from the nearest town, the couple says, they were taken out of the truck. At that point one of the Synanites knocked the woman down, while another put his hand on a holstered gun before her husband could react. "If you come back out here again," they recall the Synanites' telling them, "we will break your back."

The couple was an exception. The vast majority of Synanon residents went

Photograph: Los Angeles Times

The Creation: Dederich parlayed a $33 unemployment check into a $20-million empire, including this Santa Monica facility

along with changing partners as they did with everything that was required of them. Some did so out of fear—of having to leave Synanon, of losing their children, of being demoted from a job, of being ostracized—others out of religious conviction, or to make a "demonstration" for the Founder, or because they had been gamed into it. Most, though, simply went along. "There were a lot of things that were personally detestable to me," admits a member of the medical team. "But the mind has a great protective mechanism. It blocks out what is painful. . . . It was the only way you could live with yourself." Others rationalized their acquiescence differently, saying they felt "guilty" for having "negative thoughts" ("I felt bad about myself," as one woman puts it. "Everyone else was going along; why not me?"), or that "the community knows best" ("You do what you think is right for the community," explains a former key Synanite. "You begin to think that the group is more moral than you are, that they are better than you are"), or that they would "let their friends down." But one way or another, they made their peace with Chuck Dederich and themselves. At Synanon, they had to.

The outside world knew little of what was going on inside Synanon. With the operation a seeming success, few reporters dropped by anymore. All was quiet, until the Hearst-owned *San Francisco Examiner* loosed a mis-aimed broadside against the foundation in 1972. The two-part "exposé" was written by a former convict named Bob Patterson. What facts Patterson did not mangle, he seemed to invent. Synanon promptly sued, and, in what is believed to be the largest out-of-court libel settlement in newspaper history, collected $600,000. Another reported $2 million was later tacked on, in a second out-of-court settlement, when Synanon alleged that Hearst-hired agents broke into Dederich's office and stole some of his tapes.

The suits came in torrents after that: $76.75 million against *Time* magazine; $42 million against ABC; and expected millions in a forthcoming action against NBC. The press began taking notice, and with them, millions of readers and viewers. Something was going on at Synanon. Something unlike the Synanon of old. Something, apparently, Synanon did not want known. Then the press got a taste of what it was: violence, intimidation, harassment, threats.

Time Editor-in-Chief Hedley Donovan was stopped outside his apartment by two shaven-headed men who identified themselves as members of SCRAM (Synanon Committee for Responsible American Media). "We're going to ruin your life, Mr. Donovan," one of the men promised. At the Time Inc. offices, hundreds of letters poured in from Synanon and its supporters. Some, according to papers filed in the Superior Court of Alameda County (Oakland), pledged "a holy war" to "destroy" and "kill" *Time* and its management. "We're getting closer to you," one writer threatened Time Inc. Chairman Andrew Heiskell. After more explicit threats, *Time* posted guards at its Los Angeles office and at the home of the reporter who had done the Synanon story. ABC's anchorman in San Francisco, Van Amberg, received a number of death threats, and, at the network's annual stockholders' meeting in New York, a SCRAM official named Sidney Finkelstein warned ABC Chairman Leonard Goldenson that "there is great danger for you, your wives and your families." Two reporters, one for NBC, the other for the *Los Angeles Times*, discovered that men identifying themselves as Synanon representatives were investigating their private lives. Outside the Synanon compound in Marin County, an NBC film crew was interrogated by a Synanon patrol, who blocked their exit with a Synanon vehicle. The journalists finally escaped across a meadow, only to be accosted again back in New York. As producer Pat Lynch was leaving her apartment, she was stopped by two men who said they were from SCRAM. "The goal of SCRAM is to get your life," she quotes one of them as saying. She filed harassment charges against them, and just as promptly, SCRAM, which had been tailing her while she walked her dog, charged her with violating the New York City anti-littering law. NBC, however, did not think it a laughing matter when network president Fred Silverman started getting threats. He was put under guard. To listen to Dederich, there was ample cause for concern. "I don't know what these people [Synanon's friends] might do," he told a television reporter. "I don't know what action they might take against the people responsible, their wives, their children . . . Bombs could be thrown into very odd places, into the homes of some of the clowns who occupy high places in the *Time* organization . . . . I would certainly not institute anything like that, but I would have no way of preventing it, if it would happen."

"I thought," said Dederich, "'Wouldn't it be funny to perform some kind of emotional surgery on people who are getting along pretty well?'"

The press was beginning to learn what Synanon's "enemies" and neighbors had known for several years—known and been as powerless to stop: Synanon had turned to violence.

It began in 1973, with what, to the outside world, would seem the most innocuous of incidents: the pouring of a can of root beer over someone's head. But within Synanon, the "root beer game," as it is remembered, held enormous significance, both for its setting and for the party involved. The can of root beer was a profanation—and the start of a new and violent course for Synanon.

As former residents tell the story, a woman was being particularly obnoxious during a Synanon game. Nonetheless, she was well within her rights, since within the game anything could be said, any emotion vented. Employees could tell off their bosses, husbands and

Photograph: Los Angeles Times

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Shorn Innocents: Like all of Synanon's notions, hairlessness started as a suggestion at a game

wives admit their loathing for each other, the lowliest Synanite tell his contempt for the Founder himself—and all would be absolved. There was only one rule, and it applied to the whole of Synanon life: No violence or threat of violence. That day, however, Chuck Dederich changed the rules. As the woman became increasingly bothersome, Dederich rose from his chair, walked over to her and dumped a can of root beer over the woman's head. For the first time in anyone's memory, the nonviolent sanctity of the game had been broken. And by the Founder himself. "Everyone was horrified," says one eyewitness. "A couple of people began to cry. Their idol had been shattered. I thought it was the beginning of the end."

From that moment on, it was only a matter of time until root beer dumping turned to something more ominous. All that was lacking now was a rationalization. And Dederich soon found one: self-defense.

For years, Synanon had borne the brunt of a variety of assaults. Vandals, trespassers and occasional burglars were a chronic problem. Synanites had been harassed on the streets; in Marin, three of them were nearly run over by a purple pickup truck. One of the Synanites' own vehicles had been hit by rifle fire, and Dederich himself had been the object of numerous death and bomb threats. Miraculously, no one had been injured. But it was time, Dederich decided, to put a stop to it. "Nonviolence was a position," Dederich told a press conference. "We can change positions any time we want to."

Increasingly, he began to talk of Synanon's power, of the chaos and rioting that was coming, how Synanon had to take steps to defend itself if the foundation were to be preserved and respected. "He used the example of the King family in Texas," recounts one of Dederich's former lieutenants. "No one would mess with the King family. . . . He said we were like the King family, the most powerful family in Marin, and that we should be treated as such." Dederich, the former official goes on, said that Synanon was going to use violence as an experiment. "Chuck said that we were going to risk it all, that we might blow the whole thing, and that we wouldn't know for ten years how it would turn out." But about one thing, Dederich was adamant: The experiment would go forward.

Alvin Gambonini could not have known what was about to happen. He was 53 years old, a 5'2" bowling ball of a man with a crinkly smile who, like most of his fellow ranchers in Marin, kept to himself and didn't bother with other people's affairs. When Synanon moved in next door to his 3,000-acre ranch, the community had been hospitable enough ("Everyone's Good Neighbor," read the motto on their trucks), even inviting Gambonini and his wife to dinner. As time passed, he had gotten into a variety of disputes with his new neighbors, but none were cause for physical concern. Synanon, after all, was nonviolent. As he and his wife and three children returned home from a farm show the night of June 9, 1975, Gambonini was not aware that he was about to become the first object of an experiment. He did not know that for weeks Dederich had been talking about him, telling his aides that "someone should do something about Gambonini," and that one of those aides and two companions were about to take Dederich at his word.

Unlike the men, who merely had to give up the possibility of having children, the women were being asked to abort babies already in their wombs

Gambonini turned into the driveway

Photograph: Los Angeles Times

of a nearby ranch he was leasing to see if the place was secure. Then it happened. Out of nowhere a Synanon pickup appeared, blocking his path of retreat. Three Synanon members were tearing open the door of his car, cursing him, trying to drag him out. Gambonini hung on, and they began punching him, over and over, to the horrified screams of his wife and children. For the next hour, the Gamboninis were virtually held prisoner while the three Synanites, who by now had been joined by about 30 of their fellow residents, cursed him and kicked his car. Eventually, sheriff's deputies arrived and arrested three Synanon residents. They subsequently pleaded no contest to charges of assault. But within Synanon, they were treated as heroes. Dederich himself granted the trio an audience, congratulated them warmly and, according to one of the assailants, promised the ringleader that he would make him a "folk hero." He was given a place of honor at Dederich's table, and he and his wife were moved into one of Synanon's most luxurious housing units.

After the Gambonini episode, the preparations for violence were systematized. Synanites were issued ax handles, schooled in "Syn-do" (the Synanon version of karate) and drafted into military-style "self-defense teams." The combat motif carried over into intensive war gaming and mock attacks. For the most willing and proficient of the recruits, service in the Synanon "National Guard" was available, along with two weeks of special training conducted by a Synanon doctor. "When we finished the course," says one National Guard veteran, "he [the Synanon doctor] sat us in a room. He told us we may have to go out and beat up some people, and that if we were caught, Synanon could not publicly defend us or acknowledge that we were working on their behalf. It sounded like *Mission Impossible*." Ex-Synanites say that residents were encouraged to take target practice (on human-shaped targets) with firearms from the foundation's newly acquired arsenal, which included high-powered rifles and armor-piercing projectiles. Special attention was given to the training of the "Imperial Marines," a small, camouflage-uniformed elite corps. According to ex-Synanites, two of the Marines were Lance Kenton and Joe Musico. Musico, his friends say, frequently boasted of the necklace of Viet Cong ears he wore while in Indochina. It was Kenton and Musico who were later arrested for the attack on Paul Morantz. Synanon has disavowed any knowledge of the incident.

"It was like Vietnam," says a former senior Synanon official. "There were war games and red alerts all the time. We were always going after some enemy or another." The provocation, according to several Synanites who took part in

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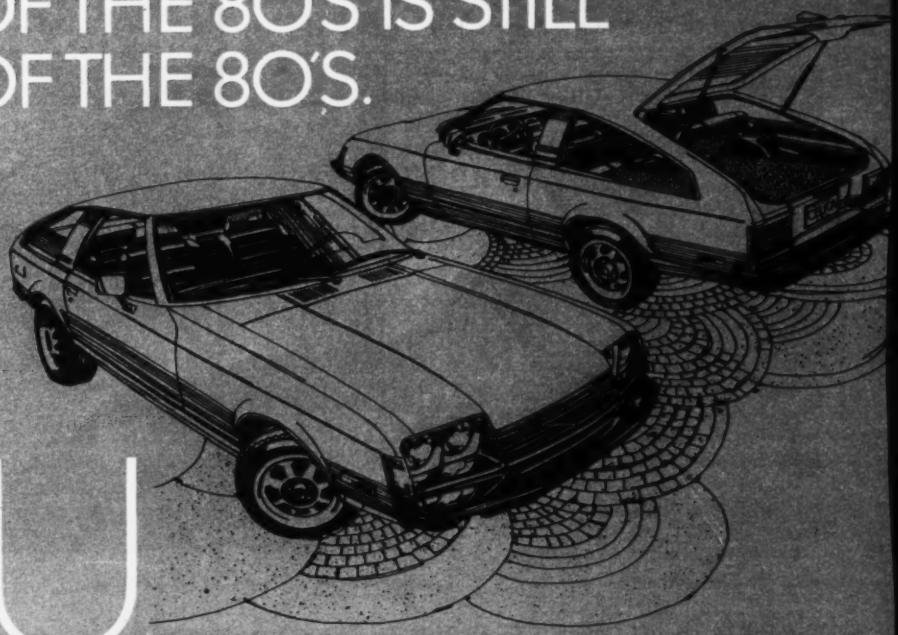

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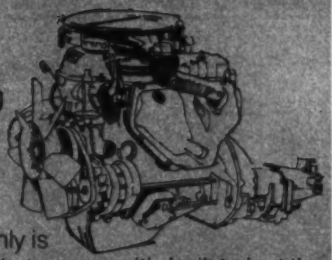

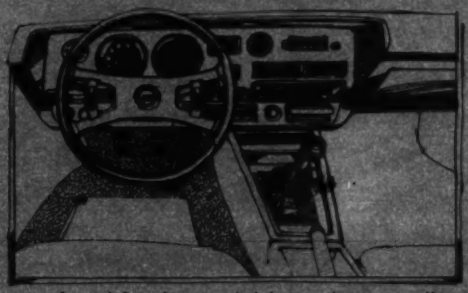

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some of the beatings, could be anything, and the reaction turned against anyone, including Synanon members themselves. Once, a drug-addicted Synanon newcomer who left the Santa Monica facility for several hours without permission was barred from returning. He stood on the doorstep, begging to be readmitted, for several days until at last he was pulled inside by several Synanites, handcuffed and led down to the basement, a favored site for punishment. A Synanite doctor then freed him of his handcuffs ("I thought he was going to break his arm," says Bill Crawford, who was called in to photograph the unfortunate before he was beaten) and, with another Synanite, the doctor held the victim down in a chair while a third Synanite punched him repeatedly.

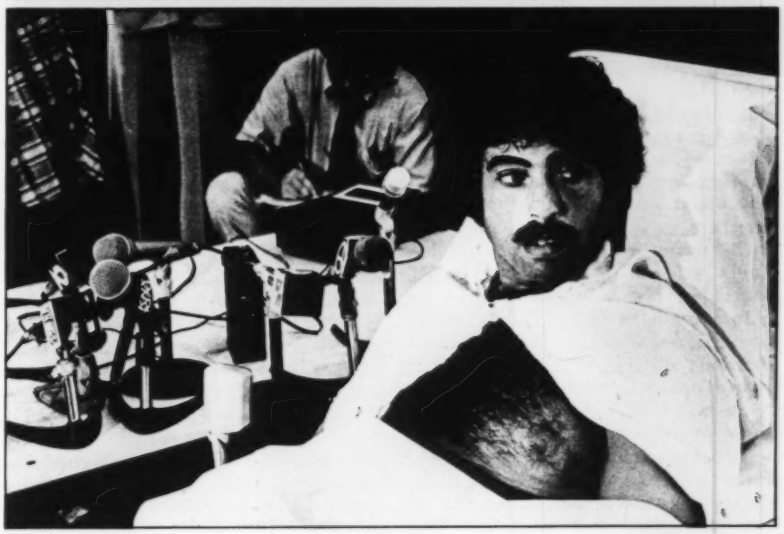
"It was like Vietnam. There were war games and red alerts all the time. We were always going after some enemy or another"

An even grislier incident involved two young black couples who parked their car in the garage of a Synanon apartment complex. When a Synanon resident told them that they were on private property and that their car would have to be moved, the men mouthed back. With that, Synanites came pouring out of the residence, surrounded the quartet, searched them and ordered the men to lie face down and spread-eagled on the ground. For the next hour they lay there, while members of the crowd took turns cursing them and kicking them. Meanwhile, in the residence across the street, Synanon management debated what to do. Finally the men were ordered to their feet and given a tongue-lashing, and, as the crowd looked on, five beefy Synanites proceeded to beat them up. "It was awful," recalls ex-Synanite Jim Deitch, who saw the beatings. "You could see the teeth flying out of one guy's mouth. There was blood all over."

Dederich took a different view. "The word's getting around Watts," he bragged at a press conference some months later. ". . .'Don't fuck with Synanon.' It's getting around. . . . That's the way I want it."

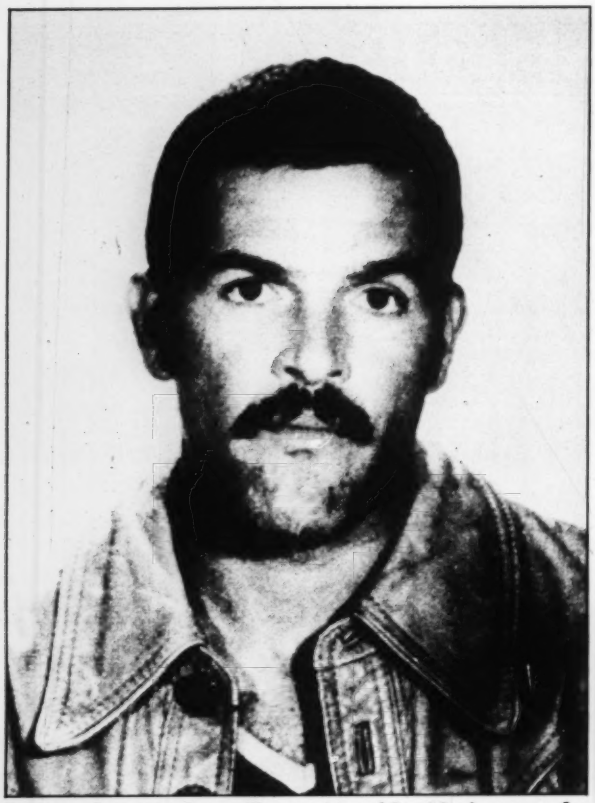
The beatings and abductions at Synanon were seldom casual. According to one former senior Synanon official, who directed and participated in a number of them himself, "They were always deliberate and well thought out. Sometimes we would take hours figuring out what to do." When a beating was completed, it would often be evaluated in a Synanon game. The war stories were all heroic and enthusiastic, with nary a questioning word. On one occasion the assailants were so proud of their deed that they aired a tape of what purported to be an actual beating, complete with the sounds of the victim's screams and moans, for the delectation of the entire foundation.

With seemingly no one willing or able to stop it, the violence escalated. In one encounter, a Synanon splitee named Tom Cardineau, then honeymooning on the West Coast, decided to drive to Tomales Bay to show his new bride the place where he once lived. Without announcement, Cardineau drove onto Synanon grounds. He was halfway up the drive when he was stopped by a Synanon patrol. According to the sheriff's report, the Synanites ordered Cardineau out of his car and accused him of being a "spy" for *Time* magazine. When he de-



The Viper and the Victor: The snake that poisoned Paul Morantz (bottom) may yet destroy Synanon

Photographs: UPI, Los Angeles Times



Synanon Suspects: Lance Kenton (r) and Joe Musico were charged with conspiracy to murder Morantz

nied it and explained what he was doing, they clapped him in handcuffs and took him to the residence. There he was left cowering before a guard dog. Finally, four Synanites returned and beat him about the face and shoulders. His attackers were later arrested; three of them were sentenced to spend 120 hours working for the county. The fourth paid a small fine.

In another attack, no assailants were arrested, nor was there any provable indication that Synanon—which disavowed any responsibility for the incident—was linked to it. Yet there were some pregnant coincidences. The victim's name was Phil Ritter, the same Phil Ritter who had summoned the sheriff during the vasectomies. Ritter had left Synanon after that and had been fighting in the courts to gain custody of his daughter, who was still living in Synanon with his ex-wife. It was a tense situation to be in: the previous spring, in an impassioned address to a number of Synanites, Dan Garrett, the foundation's chief counsel, had declared, according to one witness, "We will not put up with Synanon's children being removed from their mothers." There had been no threats against Ritter, but he was being cautious nonetheless. Then, this September 21, as Ritter emerged from his car and prepared to walk into his Berkeley house, he was driven to the ground by a crashing blow to the skull. As Ritter lay writhing in pain, his assailant continued to beat him with a club. Finally the man stopped, ran across the street and climbed into a waiting getaway car driven by another man. An eyewitness who gave chase later described him to police as a young man with close-cropped hair, "like a prison cut or a Marine cut." Meanwhile, Phil Ritter nearly died. Dazed and blood-soaked, he was rushed to a local emergency room. Meningitis soon set in, and Ritter lapsed into a coma. He eventually recovered.. But the incident served as a warning—or at least Dave Fagel thought so. Enmeshed in his own custody fight with Synanon, Fagel received an unsigned note in the mail. It read: "Did you hear what happened to Phil Ritter?"

By now, Synanon was awash in blood and violence. No one seemed safe—not even its own children. The only wonder was that Synanon made no secret of it. If anything, the foundation was rather proud of the way it "disciplined" its young, particularly the abused, delinquent and neglected children who were entrusted to its care. "This is not the cleanest business in the world to be in," Synanon spokesman Mike Kaiser told a press conference. ". . .We're dealing with a bunch of wild young animals who have been terrorizing our society. . . . If a kid walks up to you, spits in your face, or punches you in the stomach or uses some kind of foul language, we just might . . . knock him on his ass to teach him a lesson." According to a sworn deposition by a 15-year-old former Synanon resident named Julie Moncharsch, it was not quite that simple. "They were always hitting children," she said. "In 1974, September, three boys tried to run away from Tomales Bay. After they were caught, they were beaten. Two of them . . . were slammed against a metal building over and over. . . . The third boy . . . was punched in the stomach. He screamed that he was hurt real bad, but they punched him again. We were told that this is what would happen to us if we tried to run away. I was always being hit. If I didn't run in 'Basic Training,' I was hit. If I didn't stand up straight, I was hit. If I did an exercise wrong or

A Marin County grand juror who had investigated Synanon returned home one night to find a giant lizard nailed to her driveway

Photographs: UPI

changed my sheets, I was hit."

Julie tried to escape, only to be returned by the police to her mother at Synanon. She recounted what happened next: "I was given a 'contract' for trying to escape. I was made to wear large gas station attendant's clothes and made to eat standing up, when they allowed me to eat, and given only three hours' sleep. I was not allowed showers, and I was made to work cleaning up pig feces with carrot sticks, putting the feces in cups. . . . Initially, when I came back, they had a demonstration in front of the other kids where they punched me in the stomach and slammed me against the wall. . . . I saw this happen numerous times to children other than myself when they tried to run away. They have slapped children in the face, thrown them across the floor and punched them in the stomach." When Julie tried to run away a second time, she was, in the words of her sworn deposition, "taken outside by [a man] and repeatedly punched in the face with his fist. I cried for him to stop, but he kept hitting me."

The authorities were powerless, if not intimidated themselves. According to the Marin County sheriff, Dederich and his followers had broken no laws. In any case, the sheriff had his own problems to worry about: One night, the locked office of one of his deputies who had been looking into Synanon was broken into and ransacked. Those who tried to do something were taking a risk. If state health inspectors ever showed up at Synanon again, Dederich told a press conference, Synanon would surround them with "ten guys twice their size" and tell them "All right, inspect, punk . . . . We're going to put them under an investigation situation they don't dream of," Dederich threatened. ". . . I'm going to find out how many of those cocksuckers are practicing sodomy, how many of them are fucking sheep and everything else. . . . They want to investigate, we'll show them how to investigate." A special committee of the Marin County Grand Jury did try to investigate, and ultimately issued a report highly critical of Synanon. The next thing the county knew, it was being slapped with a Synanon claim for $55 million, and grand jury members themselves were being followed and threatened. One of them, an attorney named Peter Dillon, started getting late-night anonymous telephone calls from a man condemning him for his "persecution of Synanon." "I will make sure that God will kill you," the caller told Dillon. He was later followed by a Synanon-marked car, and, shortly after the Morantz attack, he found that his mailbox had been broken into. At one point, in a shopping center parking lot, a man in Synanon mufti approached Dillon's three-year-old daughter and asked why

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her father was doing "such mean things to Synanon." Another grand jury member returned home one night to find a giant lizard nailed to her driveway. "Scared?" asked one county supervisor. "Of course I am scared. I know how they handle people. We are dealing with a multimillion-dollar organization with a lot of smart lawyers, and people in that organization who do everything from build houses to put snakes in people's mailboxes. You wonder why we don't take them on? The county of Marin is not big enough to take on Synanon."

One man tried. His name was Paul Morantz.

For more than a year, Morantz had been dogging Synanon, through the courts, in the press, before the grand jury, in the statehouse halls in Sacramento—where, at one point, his personal lobbying was crucial in defeating a vote that would have exempted Synanon from all state licensing requirements. Dederich was livid. Once again, the war cry sounded through Synanon. "Break his legs," Dederich reportedly thundered over the wire, over and over again. The Synanites knew Dederich wasn't kidding. Dederich himself had publicly bragged of the people the foundation had put "in the hospital." They had been sent a message, Dederich said: "Do it again and you'll wind up in the hospital with two [broken] elbows and two broken knees." He seemed to love the symbolism of the violence. After reading *The Godfather* (a character he likened to himself), he commented to one Synanite on the "brilliance" of the severed horse's head. "When he said 'break their legs,' he meant it," says one former Synanon resident. "He didn't just want to hurt someone. He wanted to maim them, like cut off a finger, so they would never forget." And now Chuck Dederich was saying it about Paul Morantz. "Break his legs," they remember his ordering over the wire. "When is one of you cowardly assholes going to do something about Morantz? I want his ear." "It was like a drumbeat," shudders ex-Synanite Mary Inskip. "Constant, pervasive, filling the mind constantly. 'Enemy. Enemy.'"

Paul Morantz survived, just barely. The snake that bit him, according to his doctor, was "a granddaddy of a rattler," and only quick medical treatment and 11 vials of anti-venom saved him. He's doing fine now—"really spitting nails," one of his associates says—back at work on a couple of "brainwashing" cases. His heavily bandaged left hand still throbs with momentary pain, and his doctors tell him that he will experience some numbness and an occasional tingling sensation for the rest of his life. But he is alive, and, considering all that has happened to him, remarkably good-humored about his near-fatal encounter with the rattler. The post office, he reports with a grin, has asked him to change his mailbox. About Synanon he is more sad than vengeful. Now and again he even talks wistfully about defending Kenton and Musico—if they would agree to quit Synanon. "I feel sorry for Synanon," he says quietly. "At one time, they gave a lot to society. But they became fanatic. . . . When people believe that their group is sacred, that they have the secrets of the world, then anything to further that purpose is justified . . . and pretty soon [they're] beating people up and putting a snake in someone's mailbox. . . . It's a real tragedy . . . it didn't have to happen." He pauses and holds up his bandaged arm. The color of the fingers poking out of the dressing is a dull orange, about the shade one imagines a dead body takes on after it has been in the ground a few weeks. "What Synanon did when they did this," he says, gesturing to his wounded limb, "was to commit suicide."

Jack Hurst returned home to find the door open and the lights ablaze; he found his attack dog outside—hanging by a rope

In fact, Synanon is far from finished. Membership is down—the lowest it has been in ten years—but those who remain are the hard-core, the truest of the true believers. A mother who talked to her Synanon son a few weeks ago reports: "He would do anything he is asked to do for Synanon. And I mean *anything*. He has been so brainwashed. He is not capable of seeing the other side of any question. I asked him about the rattlesnake that bit Paul Morantz, and he said the media put it in the mailbox, that the whole thing was part of a media conspiracy." Many ex-Synanites are living scared, fearing what their former friends may do to them. A number of them make it a practice not to go out of the house alone, and several have asked for police protection. Jack Hurst, a former president of Synanon, bought an attack dog after receiving a number of death threats. It didn't do much good. One night a few weeks ago, Hurst returned home to find the door open and the lights ablaze; he found his dog outside—hanging by a rope. "You heard what happened to Jack Hurst's dog, didn't you?" one of them asks. "Well, I've got a son. I don't want to come home one day and find him hanging from the back porch."

It is easy to understand their concern. The foundation is still rich, is still powerful, still has friends in high places, including the government. Until recently, two Synanon members were reserve deputy sheriffs for the county of Marin. In Los Angeles, a former Synanon member and sympathizer named Jay Becker is a deputy district attorney; not long ago, he tried to serve a Synanon subpoena on a reporter for the *Los Angeles Times*. With friends like these, and its own might, Synanon is rightly confident. To date, no one has seriously touched them, nor does Synanon expect that they will. The foundation denies all charges against its members. Far from being defensive, Synanon is rather cocky—dead certain that it is about to be enriched even further by the millions that will roll in from its various lawsuits. Reportedly, the foundation has even approached an outside CPA, inquiring how it might convert some of its assets into diamonds and foreign currencies. Lest there be pesky questions about this or any of its other operations, Synanon is busily having itself formally incorporated as a religion, this time with a capital R. "We could very probably achieve a near immunity from recurring attempts to license Synanon," Dederich's chief counsel wrote him in 1974. ". . . We would eliminate a number of silly questions such as 'When do they graduate?' and 'Why do they have to obey?' Nobody graduates from a religion. . . . Insofar as obedience is concerned, it is always crucial to the practice of one's religion that one obeys the tenets of one's faith."

Chuck Dederich himself has not been seen publicly since the Morantz attack. Reportedly, he is holed up in Synanon's latest acquisition: a resort hotel in Lake Havasu City, Arizona. He has a number of problems to contend with. Synanon is now the target of several investigations. His own former members have given the California attorney general a confidential report detailing 15 separate acts of alleged Synanon terrorism. The California Board of Equalization has denied, for the first time in two decades, the foundation's tax-exempt status. Many of Dederich's key aides and friends, including his own brother, have left him. And the Los Angeles police are investigating what role, if any, Dederich had in the attack on Paul Morantz. It is a far cry from the days when people were writing books about the good deeds he had done, the thousands of lives he had saved. But, then, he and Synanon have always thrived on adversity. At 66, Dederich might yet still. He has never been the kind of man to worry about it. "I've done exactly like the rest of the guys that run the world," he told his followers once. "I could run a state, a country, a city. It doesn't make any difference. I'm one of those guys. I have that magic. I know it." ●

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Just an Excitable Boy?

Ted Bundy, a handsome, intelligent former law student, has been called "the kind of guy you'd want your daughter to bring home." But police suspect he may also be responsible for the death or disappearance of at least 21 young women

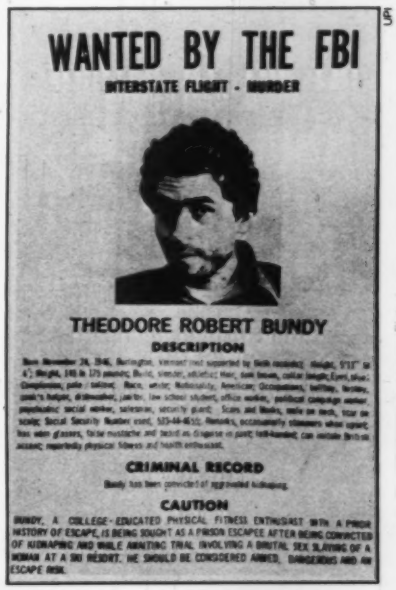
by Mark Pinsky

There is a certain sense that good cops have, an ability to detect the slightest out-of-sync detail in an otherwise normal situation. Patrolman David Lee of the Pensacola Police Department has that sense, and because he does, Theodore Bundy may be on the fast track to Florida's electric chair.

In the early morning hours of February 15, 1978, Lee was cruising in his squad car on Cervantes Street in the Brownsville section of the city. He saw an orange Volkswagen easing out of a restaurant parking lot onto V Street and became suspicious; the restaurant, he knew, had been closed for hours. Lee radioed in the license plate number and turned on his flasher. Sure enough, the car had been stolen.

After ignoring the blue light for a few blocks, the VW pulled over. According to Patrolman Lee's arrest report, he then got out of the car, drew his gun and ordered the driver onto the street, face down. The car was so full of merchandise that at first Lee thought there was another occupant. He asked the man lying in the street if anyone else was in the car; getting no response, he began to handcuff the suspect. But before Lee could finish, the man whirled around and sent him sprawling with a scissors kick. Lee fired off one round as the man came at him, sending the suspect running off down the street, the cuffs dangling from his left wrist. Lee gave chase and fired another shot. The man dropped; Lee thought he was hit. As the policeman approached the body, the man again tried to kick him and take his pistol, but Lee struck him several times with the revolver and knocked him back to the ground, just as other units converged on the scene. Breathless and bloody, the man looked up at David Lee and said "I wish you would have killed me."

Odd, very odd, to put up such a fight. It was almost as if he were some young street punk caught with a Chevy full of dope. But this guy was in his early 30s, good-looking, well-dressed—in a casual sort of way—and seemed nothing so much as collegiate. Within the hour he admitted stealing the car in Tallahassee, 200 miles to the east, and filling it with stolen property. He said he was Ken Misner, a graduate student at Florida State University, where he had been a track star as an undergraduate. He had Ken Misner's I.D.—everything from a birth certificate to a driver's license—and, as one of the investigating officers says, "he knew Misner inside and out." But he also had in his possession 21 credit cards, many with different names


WANTED BY THE FBI

INTERSTATE FLIGHT - MURDER

THEODORE ROBERT BUNDY

DESCRIPTION

CRIMINAL RECORD

CAUTION

Post-Office Art: Bundy made the FBI's "Ten Most Wanted List" on February 10, 1978 and was captured five days later

Mark Pinsky, a freelance writer, based in Durham, North Carolina, is now a Sloan Fellow in Economics Journalism at Princeton's Woodrow Wilson School.

Photograph by Larry Williams

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on them.

Soon after the story of his capture went out over the wires, the real Ken Misner called from Tallahassee to tell Pensacola police that he wasn't in their jail. Who was giving him a bad name all over the Florida Panhandle? he wanted to know. A good question. The man in custody clouded over and refused to identify himself.

Detectives sent over from the Leon County Sheriff's Department and the Tallahassee Police Department began to get a funny feeling about this mystery man and asked if perhaps he might like to call a lawyer. He said he would, and placed a call to a man named Millard Farmer in Atlanta. Then he came back and announced, with an enigmatic smile and a dramatic shrug of the shoulders, that he was Ted Bundy.

The victims ranged in age from 12 to 26, and in most cases were hauntingly similar in appearance

Who?

Ted Bundy, THE Ted Bundy!

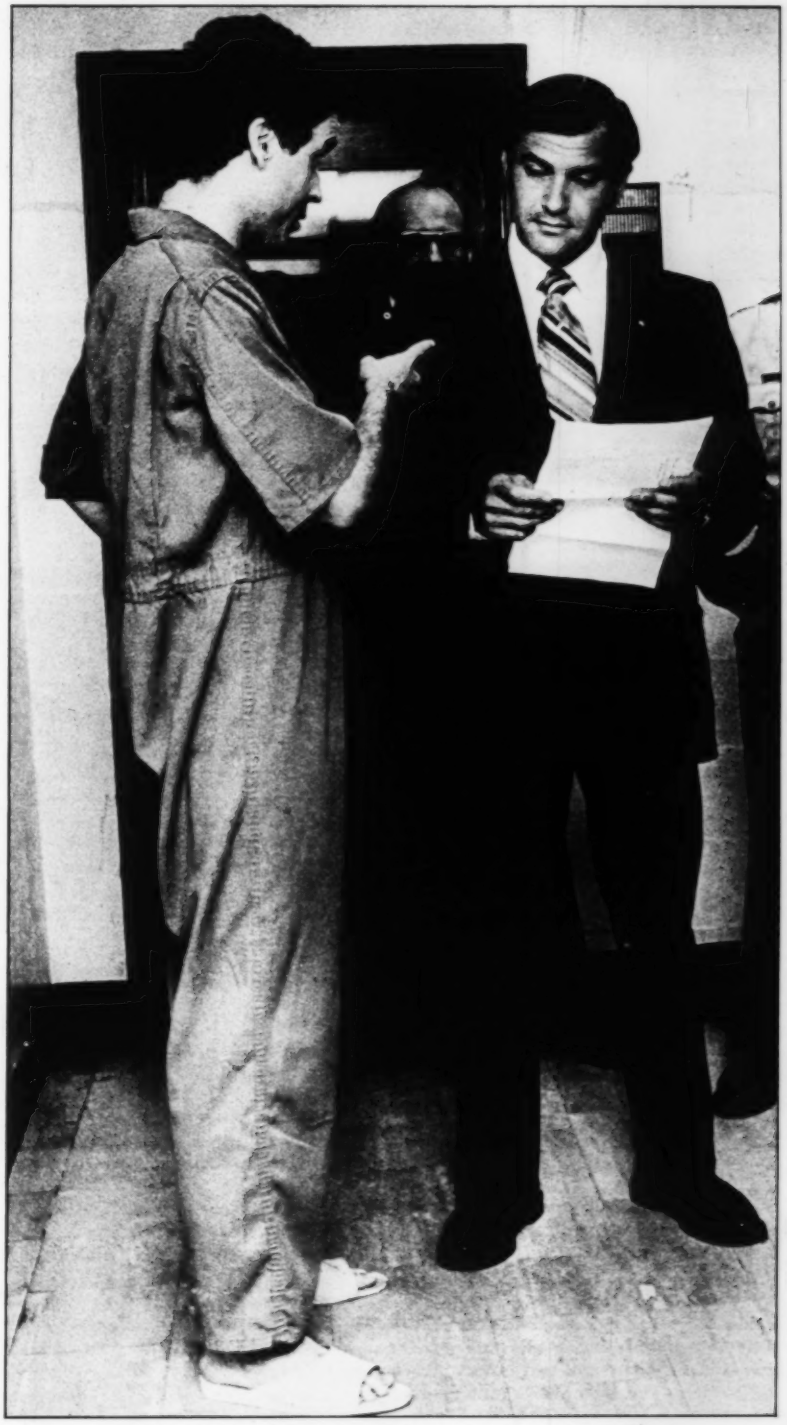
So what?

The guy on the FBI's Ten Most Wanted List.

Bingo. Pensacola police checked with other law enforcement agencies across the country, and information on Ted Bundy poured forth:

Fugitive warrant . . . interstate flight to avoid prosecution . . . jail break . . . jail break . . . a suspect in the disappearance of Debbie Kent . . . a suspect in the disappearance of Julie Cunningham . . . a suspect in the murder of Janice Ott . . . a suspect in the murder of Denise Naslund . . . a suspect in the murder of Melissa Smith. . . .

What Pensacola police learned that night, and over the next several days, was chilling: This man Ted Bundy was a suspect in the murder or disappearance of at least 18 young women—a string of cases spanning four years and four states. In Utah, police suspected he might be "Utah Ted," the man apparently responsible for the death or disappearance of four young women there. To police in Washington and Oregon, Bundy seemed to fit the description of "Seattle Ted," or "Ted the Troller" (*New Times*, May 2, 1975), the name given to the mysterious man police had linked with the disappearance or brutal murder of nine young women. In Colorado, prosecutors had already brought one murder charge against Bundy and suspected he might have been involved in four other disappearances or murders as well.



Theatrics: Sheriff Ken Katsaris reads Bundy his murder indictment

It had all started on January 31, 1974, when Lynda Ann Healy, 21, disappeared at midnight from her apartment at the University of Washington.

Two months later, Donna Gail Manson, 19, left her dorm at Evergreen State College in Olympia, heading for a jazz concert. She has not been seen since.

Susan Rancourt, 18, left the campus auditorium of Central Washington State College in Ellensburg, Washington, on April 17, 1974, after putting her clothes in the dryer. On March 3, 1975, her

Photograph by George Kochaniec, Jr.

A Man of Many Faces: Bundy has a chameleon-like ability to appear as different men at different times

skeletal remains—along with those of Lynda Ann Healy and two other missing women—were found by university students near the 1,500-foot Taylor Mountain.

And the list went on and on. The victims ranged in age from 12 to 26, and in most cases were hauntingly similar in appearance: long brown or blonde hair, parted in the middle and sometimes pulled back, and pierced ears. The circumstances of the killings and disappearances were similar, too, but by no means identical. Some victims were raped and some were not; some were strangled with underwear and beaten, and some were just beaten; some were slashed and some were not; some bodies were found nude and some found clothed, and some never found at all.

For years, the police had little to go on, except this: There was a young man named "Ted" who drove a battered tan Volkswagen Beetle and had the habit of showing up at around the time young women disappeared. He was described as handsome, articulate, sure of himself. Sometimes "Ted" spoke with a British accent (transparently phony by all accounts); sometimes he would have a cast or a sling on his arm, or be on crutches, and would ask women to help load his car with skis or a sailboat. Other times he would simply strike up a conversation with them in the manner of a casual pick-up. He would do this at a college campus, a neighborhood bar, a fashionable winter resort or an outdoor music festival—and many of the women would never be seen alive again.

At the height of the "Ted" hysteria in the Pacific Northwest several years ago, a Department of Motor Vehicles computer coughed up the name of Tacoma, Washington, resident and Volkswagen owner Theodore Robert Bundy—along with all other Volkswagen owners in the state. But Bundy was never questioned or put under surveillance. Later that year, a string of motel and gas credit card receipts assembled by authorities in the various states indicated that Bundy was invariably nearby when young women disappeared. Yet there were never any close eyewitnesses to the abductions, and descriptions of "Ted" were either too general or seemingly at odds with one another.

So Ted Bundy managed to stay out of trouble with the law—that is, until the morning of August 16, 1975. At about 3:00 A.M., a Utah Highway Patrol sergeant named Robert Hayward had the same kind of feeling that Patrolman David Lee of the Pensacola Police Department would have two and a half years later: that something was out of place. That something was a tan Volkswagen in a Salt Lake City suburb, driven by a young man who tried to elude Hayward when he turned on the headlights of his unmarked car. Hayward gave chase and finally the car pulled over. The driver was Ted Bundy, who produced genuine identification showing that he was a law student at the University of Utah. "He was sharp and cool—and that worried me," the patrolman says. "People from the law school just don't sneak around neighborhoods at three o'clock in the morning dressed entirely in black." The officer asked if he could search the car; fine, Bundy said. In the VW Hayward found a tool box full of implements he thought a burglar might use, including a crowbar, a nylon rope, gloves, an icepick, a ski mask and a pair of pantyhose with what appeared to be eye holes cut out. And a pair of handcuffs.

Still composed, Bundy explained that he used the pantyhose to keep his face warm, along with the ski mask; the crowbar was to keep his car seat from slipping; and the handcuffs he first claimed to have found while cleaning his apartment, and he said he had planned to throw them away. Later he would say he had the handcuffs in connection with his job as a security guard, which he took to work his way through

Photograph: Wide World

law school. Hayward was unconvinced and had Bundy booked for evading an officer, a charge that kept him in jail for less than 24 hours.

Not until months later was another charge added: kidnapping. After sifting through a pack of photographs, viewing a line-up and, say Bundy's supporters, being coached by zealous detectives, 19-year-old Carol DaRonch identified Bundy as the man who, on November 8, 1974, lured her into his battered Volkswagen in a Salt Lake City area shopping center by posing as a police officer. DaRonch said Bundy put handcuffs on her left wrist and threatened her with a crowbar. She became hysterical, she said, struggled frantically and jumped out of the car.

Bundy denied everything, and apart from DaRonch's identification, the prosecution's case was entirely circumstantial. But after a one-week trial in February 1976, a judge found Bundy guilty and sentenced him to 1 to 15 years in the state prison. Days after the conviction, says the Utah prosecutor, hair samples found in the Volkswagen were successfully matched to those of DaRonch. (Earlier, hair samples found in Bundy's car had been matched to those of one of the missing Utah women, along with Caryn Campbell, a 25-year-old Michigan nurse. Her nude, bite-marked body was found in a snowbank near the resort town of Snowmass, Colorado, in January 1975.)

For Ted Bundy, the DaRonch trial was an exercise in unreality. He wrote one of his girlfriends from prison that he had been "captured by Klingons," the warlike beings from the television series *Star Trek*. But his adventure was only beginning. The DaRonch affair prompted one of Bundy's former girlfriends to call the police in Washington state to discuss his sexual habits; she said they included bondage, with her sometimes wearing handcuffs, and other times being tied to the bed with nylon stockings while they had sex. On one occasion, she said, Bundy began strangling her during intercourse, and she became frightened and had to jar him into releasing his hold. The woman also said Bundy kept a cache of women's clothing, including undergarments, in his apartment.

Some bodies were found nude and some found clothed, and some never found at all

With all this information, law enforcement officials in the western states began to exchange their accumulated data on the killings and disappearances. It was then that authorities put together the string of Bundy's motel and gas credit card receipts. When all the material was fed into the computer, it must have lit up like a pinball machine.

But as a result of two "summit meetings" of law enforcement officials, police in California ruled out Bundy as a suspect in the killings of 7 young women—all of which had been attributed to the mysterious "Ted"—determining that he was two states away when the murders took place. Likewise, Utah officials decided that Bundy could not have been involved in the death or disappearance of three other young women because he was in prison when they vanished. And police officials from the Pacific Northwest, while professing that Ted Bundy was their man, seemed in no hurry to extradite him for trial, admitting they had little or nothing in the way of hard evidence.

Bundy was extradited from Utah to Aspen, Colorado, to face first-degree murder charges in connection with the killing of Caryn Campbell. At that trial, Bundy was dissatisfied with his public defender and undertook his own defense, with advisers appointed by the judge. He was also displeased with the conditions of his incarceration, so first he talked about a civil suit against the

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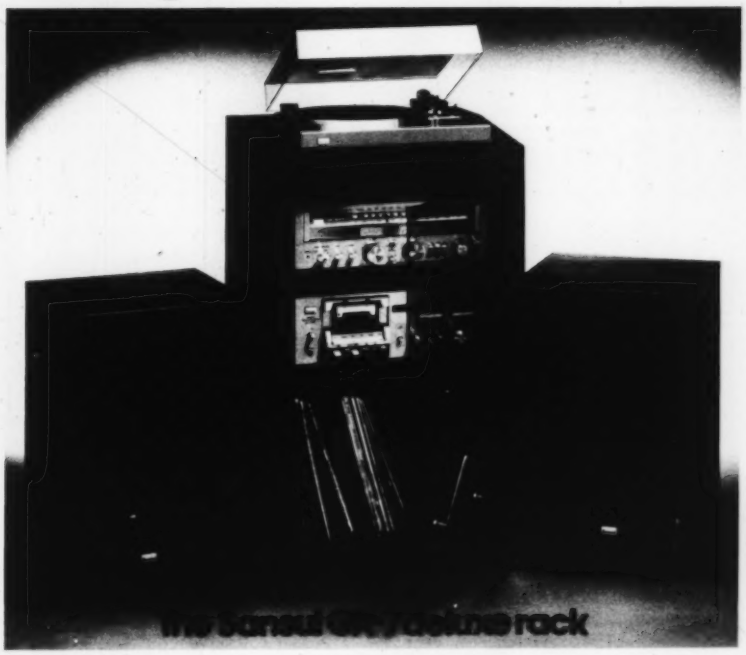

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Dead Ringers: "Ted's" alleged victims have shared similar appearances. (L to R, Laura Aime, Debbie Kent and Elissa Smith)

county and then he simply took off—twice. The first time, he dove from a second-floor window while court was in session and hid out in the mountains for a week before being captured. The second time, he methodically lost 35 pounds and wriggled out through a lighting panel above his cell, then fled through a duct.

That was on December 30, 1977. Bundy headed northeast, and the next night he spent an ecstatic New Year's Eve in Ann Arbor, Michigan, savoring his freedom and enjoying the revelry of college students. Days later he was on the move again, passing first through Atlanta and then into Florida. As he traveled, his second jail break was making him even more of a legend in Aspen than he was already. For months, there had been Ted Bundy T-shirts and look-alike contests, and now a local folksinger even wrote him a song: "So let's salute the mighty Bundy/Here on Friday, gone on Monday/All his roads lead out of town/It's hard to keep a good man down."

Now, in the Pensacola police station, the information kept pouring in, a growing list of the cases where this mysterious man Ted Bundy was a suspect, or was wanted for questioning. And the more they learned about him, the more the Pensacola cops began to think that maybe Ted Bundy was the man the Leon County Sheriff's Dept. had been looking for, too. Maybe he was the Chi Omega killer. Could it be?

Bundy had arrived in Tallahassee in early January 1978. On January 15, a man with a heavy wooden club of some sort slipped into the Chi Omega sorority house on Jefferson Street in Tallahassee, right across from the Florida State University campus. The man moved quickly. Upstairs, he entered the bedroom of Margaret Bowman, 21, and clubbed and strangled her. Then he moved across the hall to the bedroom of Lisa Levy, 20, for more of the same. Despite the battered bodies and blood-soaked beds, the man paused to pull the sheets back up. Down the hall he beat two other sleeping women (who, unlike Bowman and Levy, survived the attack). Finally, at 3:25 A.M., startled by the slamming of a car door, the killer ran down the stairs and past a sorority sister returning from a late date. Moments later, a fifth woman, living six blocks away, was also beaten and seriously injured by a male intruder carrying a club.

Bundy explained that he had found the handcuffs while cleaning his apartment and planned to throw them away

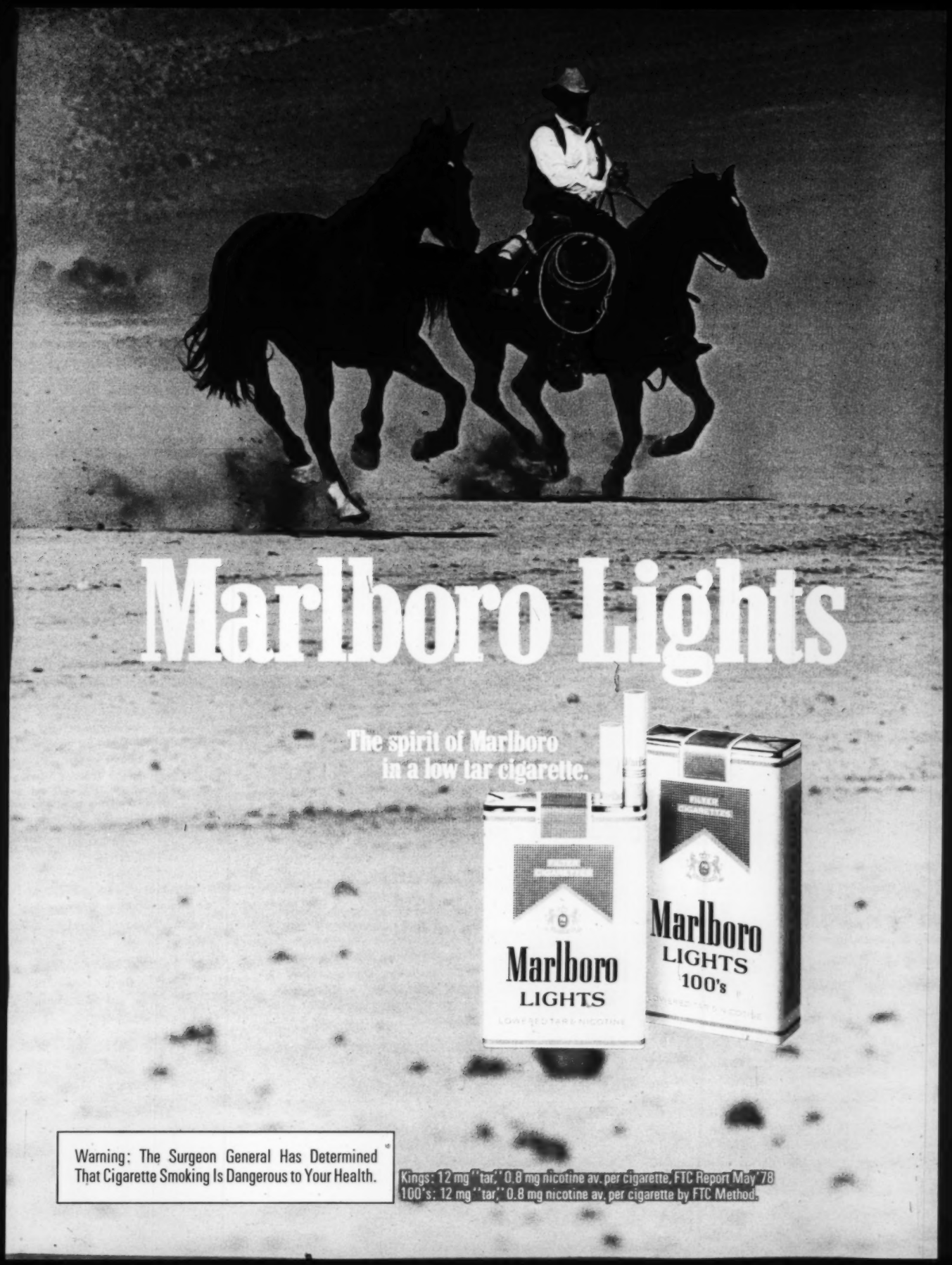
Witnesses described the assailant as 5'10", weighing about 155 pounds and wearing a ski cap. Later, sheriff's investigators would find that he had not only beaten Bowman and Levy, but had left deep bite marks on their buttocks.

Could Ted Bundy, this 31-year-old, 5'11", 160-lb., well-dressed, articulate former law student, be *the Chi Omega killer*? To find out, police tried to gain his confidence, hoping he would trust them enough to talk freely. They were extraordinarily solicitous of his needs. Every detail was attended to: Bundy was allowed to see a priest; he telephoned his mother in Tacoma and spoke to four different lawyers; he was fed and permitted to sleep. Forty-eight hours after his capture, it was Bundy who asked the detectives for an opportunity to speak.

At about 1:30 A.M. on February 17, they took Bundy to the second floor and into one of the two white-walled offices used for interrogations. Inside, the three detectives sat with Bundy at a square wooden table. First they read him his rights again, and asked if he minded being tape recorded. (There is one report that they also promised to turn off the machine whenever he wanted, but that they actually had one of the officers wired for sound in the event something interesting was said while the recorder was off. It is also reported that the proceedings were being piped into the next room, where other law enforcement officials, some from other states, could listen in.)

The detectives provided Bundy with coffee and cigarettes, and told him he could go to the bathroom whenever he wanted and terminate the discussion at will. Then, for the next several hours, the three men played him like a violin. For his part, Ted Bundy was alternately boastful, wary, resigned, petulant, obstinate and relieved. The transcript, which *New Times* obtained in the course of its investigation, shows Bundy sharing with the officers, in detail, his escape from jail in Colorado and his route south to Florida. He explained how he happened to choose Tallahassee, the home

Photographs: UPI



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If at First: Bundy in Aspen, shortly after an unsuccessful escape attempt. (His next try worked)

of Florida State University: "I know how to operate in and around college campuses. I knew I would pick up an I.D. I know how to be a student, I know how to look like a student, I even know how to act like a student... I blend in." He revealed an ambivalent sort of contempt for the FBI ("I mean, as overrated an organization as it is, I still thought they might be looking for me harder than they really were"). He admitted "dipping" purses from the FSU campus library, and stealing cars.

But Bundy never mentioned the killings at the Chi Omega sorority, for which he would be indicted five months later. The closest the officers could bring him to dicussing that case was the following exchange:

Q: Could you ever [in] the middle of the night... not sleep, and just wander around, walk around? [His Florida rooming house was 8 blocks from the Chi Omega sorority.] We had . . . policemen around there checking people.

BUNDY: Yeah... I don't walk around at night.... I made it a point, as much as possible, to stay off the streets late.... If I was in the streets I rode my bicycle, for the very fact that people don't stop...

Q: Did you ever go and visit any of the sororities...?

BUNDY: Now, that was... really too much of a risk, the sorority houses. As far as I know, any of the houses were well-protected... and it was just too much risk going into the houses. I never got into burglary because I've never been an accomplished burglar.

Throughout the interview, Bundy seemed keenly aware of his situation,

Bundy methodically lost 35 pounds and wriggled out of jail through a lighting panel above his cell

and occasionally spoke as though he were a passive observer rather than a participant. At one point, a detective asked if he had any objection to a search of his car. Bundy reminded him that, since the vehicle was stolen, he had no legal standing to prevent such a search.

It was, in many ways, a fascinating session. But when the interview was over, the officers knew little more about their case, and the cases out West, than they had before. Maybe Bundy had played *them* like a violin. He had, in any event, betrayed little of himself—except perhaps a touch of wistfulness. He was asked, "Did you meet somebody in Tallahassee that you had a special affection for or anything?"

"No, no," he answered, "nothing special, no relationship.... It was just college students. People are great anyway, but college students are beautiful ...healthy people, exciting people. It was good to be back amongst them..."

Did he make any women friends while he was in Tallahassee?

"No, no, that would have been nice... I was hesitant to do that again because I didn't have any past at the time and I couldn't develop a really meaningful kind of relationship without any past."

There was a time when Ted Bundy did have a past—a happy and successful one—and a future that seemed bright. His mother says he was "the best son in the world," never getting into trouble in their Tacoma, Washington, household or with the law. He was, by turns, a Cub Scout, a Boy Scout, a track star in high school. His teachers recall a model student, curious and hard-working, with an engaging personality. Ted Bundy was liked by his classmates as well. He hoped one day to run for public office.

He was graduated with honors from the University of Washington in 1972. He had majored in psychology, but it was politics that really fascinated him. In 1968 he had been assistant state chairman of the New Majority for Rockefeller, and had attended the Republican Convention in Miami as an alternate delegate. Four years later, he was a staff aide in Washington Governor Dan Evans' re-election campaign; when Bundy decided to apply to law school, Evans wrote him a glowing letter of recommendation.

Between college and law school, Bundy served on the staff of the Seattle Crime Commission. He worked on several projects there, including one studying white-collar crime. His colleagues liked and admired him.

He is a Mormon convert. His hobbies include chess, classical music, antiques and gourmet cooking. One law enforcement officer says he appears to be "the kind of guy you'd want your daughter to bring home."

So Ted Bundy is the ultimate All-American boy—but if he is convicted in Florida, it will undoubtedly strengthen the public impression that he is the mysterious "Ted" after all, that he belongs in the ranks of such infamous sex slayers as Bluebeard, the Boston Strangler, Charles Manson and Richard Speck.

In the face of Bundy's seemingly solid and normal background, and in the absence of any motive in the cases where

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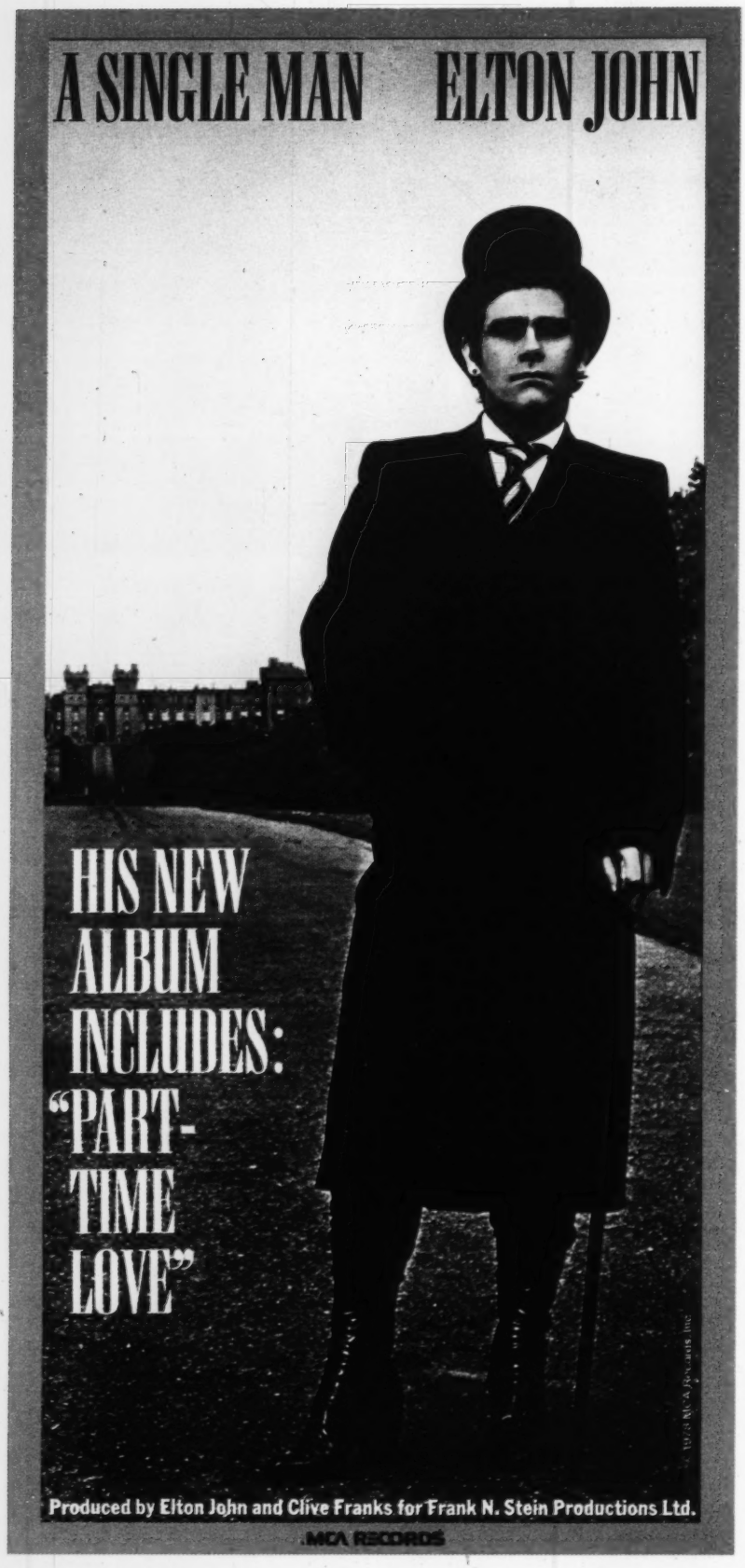
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he is suspected of murder, the theorists have been working overtime to explain how he might have become a killer. One theory holds that subconsciously he may have been trying to kill his mother. Bundy was born out of wedlock, and his mother married when he was four and a half years old; some suggest this might have planted in him a resentment of women, and particularly of women who have sex without marriage. Another theory says that Bundy's alleged victims were ringers for an early girlfriend who jilted him.

For his part, Ted Bundy says he is an innocent man being railroaded. "Isn't this ridiculous?" he said recently, referring to all the police agencies that now say he is a suspect in their unsolved cases. "Everyone is getting into the act and I'm getting tired of it."

Bundy's supporters make the scapegoat argument, best articulated by John O'Connell, the lawyer who defended Bundy in the Utah kidnapping trial. "We feel the law enforcement agencies are just psyching themselves up, back and forth, circuitously," O'Connell said last spring. "He's a suspect in case B because of case A, and he's a suspect in case A because of case B, and then they say, 'Well, why not cases C, D, E, F, G?' and it just goes on and on and it goes round and round."

Or, as Millard Farmer puts it, "They're hanging charges on him like they were decorating a Christmas tree."

Millard Farmer is a flamboyant South Georgia lawyer who has himself become an issue in the Chi Omega trial. He took the case, in part, because Bundy faces the death penalty if convicted, and Millard Farmer is something of a crusader against the death penalty.

Farmer is a specialist at disqualifying judges. In one recent case in Lakeland, Ga., a short drive from Tallahassee, Farmer disqualified over half a dozen judges for racism or political cronyism. (In that case, Farmer also threatened to haul the local sheriff into federal court if he didn't provide his client with lunch.) These actions provoked the prosecutor, Vickers Nugent, to burn a law book on the courthouse lawn in protest.

In the Bundy case, Farmer prepared a motion to disqualify Judge John A. Rudd—who, as Farmer knew only too well, had sentenced to death John Spenkelink, now on the verge of becoming the first man executed in this country since Gary Gilmore. But Farmer was not yet officially accepted by the court as Bundy's lawyer; Judge Rudd was thus able to use Farmer's disqualification motion (which the judge called "frivolous") as grounds for excluding *Farmer* from the case. Rudd cited Farmer's conduct in the Georgia trials, observing that the defense attorney's action was "intended to provoke the trial judge into intemperate remarks . . . which might result in

a mistrial." The judge promised he would not allow Ted Bundy's trial "to become a bizarre circus where Mr. Farmer can play ringmaster for an audience that could not possibly include a jury."

"Judge Rudd is the one that is keeping it a carnival atmosphere," Farmer responds.

If there has been a ringmaster responsible for the sensational local publicity, the foremost candidate is Leon County Sheriff Ken Katsaris, recently profiled in *The New York Times* as a "New South" sheriff. In the days immediately following Bundy's capture, Katsaris had quite a lot to say to reporters about him. "We all feel he pretty well could be the one," Katsaris said. "It looks too good not to be. He was in Tallahassee at the time... and has a modus operandi similar to the Chi Omega killer." Thank you, Judge Roy Bean.

Despite the gag order that followed Bundy's transfer to the Leon County jail in Tallahassee, Katsaris, a former college professor who wears cowboy boots and whom prosecutors generally use expletives to describe, invited reporters and photographers into the jail to watch him read the murder indictment to Bundy, who had been summoned from his cell. Katsaris then refused to let Bundy speak with the journalists. "Sure, there won't be any press interviews," Bundy said as he was hustled out. "I'm gagged."

Calling the episode "theatrics," the *St. Petersburg Times* noted sternly that "the way the authorities are handling this case makes us fear that if he is found guilty, the verdict will be turned over on appeal—and the state will have to go through the expense and chance of a retrial, while the bereaved will have to endure more heartache."

For the time being, Bundy is handling his own defense, with Farmer representing him on civil matters (such as Bundy's attempt to improve jail conditions and gain access to the press). The Chi Omega trial is scheduled to begin December 4, and beyond that Bundy has other Florida worries. A grand jury in Lake City, 100 miles east of Tallahassee, has charged him with the murder of 12-year-old Kimberly Leach. That trial will probably begin in early March—and there, too, the judge has excluded Millard Farmer.

Farmer, meanwhile, is still trying to win the right to defend Bundy. The matter has become an obsession, and he has grown increasingly bitter, regularly referring to one of the judges who has excluded him as "that two-faced son of a bitch." And he says, "If there were a statue of Justice in Leon County, she wouldn't only be blindfolded, she'd be holding her nose over what's going on in this case." Bundy, he says, is the victim of one of the most colossal cases of railroading in the history of American jurisprudence; the killer is still at large.

Locked Out: Millard Farmer wants to defend Bundy but two judges say no

To most of the outside world, Ted Bundy is an enigma, an inaccessible riddle, the subject of endless speculation and long-distance psychoanalysis. Ted the "loner," Ted the "brooding, aloof young man."

Bundy has steadfastly maintained his innocence of any murders, but the court-imposed gag order has kept him from talking to reporters in his cell. He has spoken by telephone with a Seattle television reporter and a West Coast free-lance writer—and that's about it. But on a drizzly morning recently I managed to get in to see Ted Bundy.

In his jail cell, Bundy is reading Woodward and Bernstein's *The Final Days* for relaxation

The walls of his cell are pale green. The ceiling is white, and peeling. There is a commode and a stall shower. On three of the four bunks, books, magazines and files are arranged in high stacks. Posters—mainly beach and water scenes—cover the walls. We sat down together on the floor of the cell, Ted leaning up against the metal door, and I took a long look.

He is dressed in a khaki prison-fatigue jump-suit and wears a wide red rubber band on his right wrist. Dramatically handsome, his broad face is clean-shaven and his complexion pallorous. His brown hair has recently been trimmed by a black jailer, who apologized for his inexperience in cutting white men's hair. Bundy's voice is deep and resonant, although he has a slight stutter, and he sometimes closes his eyes and shakes his head when he speaks. He looks to be in good physical shape, despite the complaints of Millard Farmer, and I comment on his condition. He says that as a result of the litigation over prison conditions, he is now permitted short periods of exercise on the jail roof three times a week.

He goes to the shower stall and retrieves what appears to be a professionally woven jump rope, knotted in the center. He made it, he says, from small strips of his bedsheets after jail officials confiscated the first one he made. Bundy says he is reading Woodward and Bernstein's *The Final Days* for relaxation, as well as listening to FSU's radio station for news and classical music.

Where to begin? A lengthy series of articles has appeared in some weekly newspapers out West, and I see the issues with his face on the cover stacked on the bunk by my elbow. Well, Ted, I say, is the person in this series, and all the other newspaper accounts, the same person I'm talking to? He smiles.

"I've been desensitized. The picture of me is not accurate. In fact it's 50 to 60 percent wrong, although most of the errors are not intentional. People look back on their relationship with Ted Bundy—regardless of how fleeting—and read great significance into minor occurances. It's interesting how they view me through this screen. These events are arranged in such a way to justify the conclusion that I am capable of this kind of act." He picks up one of the issues and begins a dramatic reading of some pop-psychological checklist for psychopathic states: "Item Seven: 'Inability to accept blame: His actions indicate that no appreciable remorse has been experienced.'" He looks up. "It's not that I don't have any remorse; I don't have any responsibility.

"Look, I feel pegged to the wall like a butterfly, and sometimes I feel like composing a silent response to all this stuff."

There is an eerie light in the cell, the product of a powerful light bulb set into the wall rather than the ceiling, and placed behind a translucent shield.

What about the speculation that you had an unhappy childhood? I ask.

"That's completely false. I had a normal, middle-class childhood. My home life was uneventful, but not perfect. My parents never fought, never smoked or raised their voices. There was no harsh discipline. I didn't get into trouble because I didn't need to get into trouble to get attention. It was a very ordinary childhood, a very ordinary childhood—not idyllic, but okay. I was a very ordinary kid—I know I was."

From time to time he pauses, either to

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shake his head or to get up and walk around. My visit awakened him, and he says his head is not entirely clear.

"There's been a good deal of speculation about your relations with women," I say. "That you were a late starter, or that you dated erratically in high school."

Bundy smiles. "I never got into the wonders, if you will, of living with a woman on a day-to-day basis—or even dating—until I was in my early 20s," he says. "When I did get the bug, I became addicted, in a positive sense. In law school I started dating too much.

"I don't relish hearing people tell me they think I'm guilty of murder," Bundy says

"Things were going well; I had no problems. I was going out with attractive women and sleeping with them. When I would sleep with a woman or fall in love with a woman, some of the relationships were passive and shallow, and some were in-depth and very loving. I always felt more comfortable with women than with men, in working situations and social situations. There is absolutely no lingering hatred or dislike of women.

"From 1969 to 1975 I had a sustained, close and loving relationship with a woman. There were high and low cycles, but I still love her very, very deeply, and there's not one allegation on her part that I abused her physically. I never had to suppress any urge. I dated other women while I was engaged to her, and I suppose that was unfair."

Have these experiences with the law changed your outlook?

"This experience has not altered all of my beliefs. It certainly has given me a redefinition of the system. I didn't know anyone who had been arrested or in prison before. I never knew what jail or prison was like. I was one of those naive Americans who never gave it a second thought. Criminals got what they deserved. A lot has changed, but I'm still not a liberal Democrat; I'd classify myself as moderate to conservative."

I ask him for his version of the arrest in Tallahassee. When he saw Patrolman Lee's flasher, he says, "I was trying to think. I knew I was in a tight squeeze, that this was a disaster." Out of the car, "I remembered how much I hated handcuffs" and, in panic, rolled over and "flipped him ten feet."

And the interview with the police officers at the station. What about that?

"I was distraught and exhausted. They were manipulating me, trying the

whole trip on me. It's hard to think like a lawyer in those circumstances, but you try to make do."

Ted Bundy spends his days now taking depositions from prospective witnesses against him, in the presence of a court reporter, a right afforded him under Florida law. "I don't relish hearing people tell me they think I'm guilty of murder," he says.

Does all this dissection in the media, without much of a chance to respond, bother you?

"I know myself. People who know *me*—not the news media *cause célèbre*—know a person who is not capable of committing the acts of violence that are attributed to me. It seems I'm in a nightmare. I'm in the path of a wildfire in a tinder-dry area, and I'm just trying to figure a way out of it.

"I think the reaction of the public is normal, based on what they've been told, and given the strange way the human mind works with abstractions—especially something as incredibly frightening as this."

I'm trying to figure out how I feel about Ted Bundy, after spending an hour and a half face-to-face with him. He is a compelling presence and his looks remind me, more than anything else, of a television actor. That's it—an actor. A friend from Tallahassee told me that a friend of hers had lived on the same street with Bundy and recalled how he looked different on different days. Sometimes it was a mustache or a mole, but other times it was just the way he walked or held his body, or the expression he had on his face. I remember the report out West from unsuccessful pick-ups about a man who spoke with a British accent but who was clearly not British. And I remember something from the Pensacola police interview that struck me as being so out of place. Bundy said, "I never studied theater or ballet, although that's something else I always wished I had done. I wish I had done a lot of things, but I wish I had done that—and I think I might have been able to be a dancer or an actor. But perhaps we all have those dreams, in a way...."

Do you ever expect to get out of jail and walk around free? I finally ask Ted Bundy.

"I don't think about it much anymore. The intensity of the people here in Florida indicates to me that it's going to be very difficult to get a fair trial. It's not as though I don't think I'll ever be free again. It's not a hope I cling to."

"I've got a difficult question that I'm bound to ask. Did you kill any of these women?"

"*Any* of these women," he says with a rueful smile. "That's the question. No, I didn't. I didn't kill anyone, so I don't have any difficulty answering the question." ●

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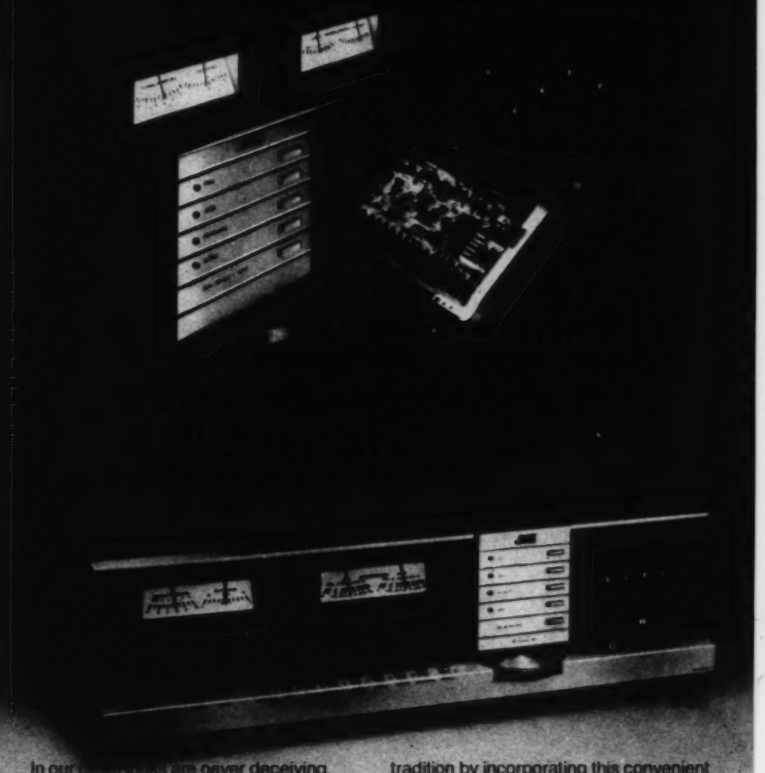

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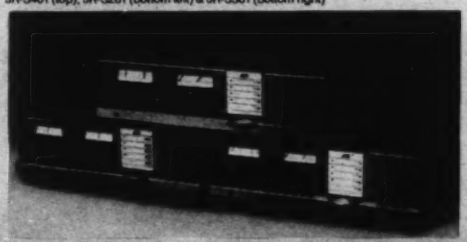

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El Pugilista Enigma

They say Cuba's Teofilo Stevenson could be the heavyweight champion of the world — if only he wanted to

by Lawrence Wright

Teófilo Stevenson, the Cuban heavyweight, was sparring in a practice ring set up on the fifth floor of Madison Square Garden, preparing for the fight on October 6 with Jimmy Clark, an American amateur. Stevenson has a flat, bony face with wide-spaced brown eyes and a flat, boneless nose poking through like a thumb in a child's fist. He is a man of variable height, appearing to be 6'3" to *Sports Illustrated* and 6'5" to the *New York Post*. For this fight he had risen to his full *Post* height, and then some. His frame is broad-shouldered and narrow-hipped—"statuous," as the boys in the gym say—and his power comes from his long, immensely muscled arms, which seem to be inflated to the point of bursting. As a fighter, he is of the one-big-punch school of Ingemar Johansson and George Foreman. In Stevenson's case, it is a straight right, which he made famous in the last two Olympics by knocking out almost every man he faced.

Everyone agrees that politics and sport shouldn't mix, which is why rapprochement these days usually begins with an exchange of sports teams. The Cuba-USA match in Madison Square Garden had its genesis in Sen. George McGovern's 1975 visit to Cuba, where he proposed such an exchange. The Cubans, for their part, wanted the New York Yankees, but settled instead for the University of South Dakota basketball team. In return they sent their boxers, the best boxing team in the world. The Cubans had already beaten the U.S. team twice: in Havana last February, and—without Stevenson—in Houston last year. (Stevenson was recovering from facial burns received when his family's stove exploded. The burns left him unscarred.)

On the Cuban team with Stevenson are two other Olympic gold medalists, Jorge Hernández and Angel Herrera, in the light flyweight and featherweight classes, but they were unnoticed by the television cameras, trained on Stevenson. The emphasis in boxing is on the heavyweight division, even in the amateur ranks. It is where the glamor is, where the myth-makers dwell. Since 1972, when he won his first gold medal, Stevenson has been more than an amateur boxer—more, even, than an extraordinary amateur boxer. He is the natural and logical heir to the heavyweight championship, but he is also "*El hijo de Fidel*" (the son of Fidel), a symbol of the Cuban revolution, who has said he will never turn professional. "It is no need to talk about what I might do against Ali, Frazier or Foreman," Stevenson said after the 1976 Montreal Olympics. "I will never fight them. I will always be an amateur. I am happy as I am."

Stevenson worked the practice ring with a look of unhurried intensity, a patient, curious expression like that of a cat in front of a mousehole. He stands straight up when he fights, and he moves around stiffly. He is not a quick fighter; his sparring partner, imitating Clark, worked faster and found more openings. Stevenson held him off with a long left jab—his "steering wheel," as John Tate, the American heavyweight in the 1976 Olympics, calls it—which Stevenson uses to guide his opponents into his right hand.

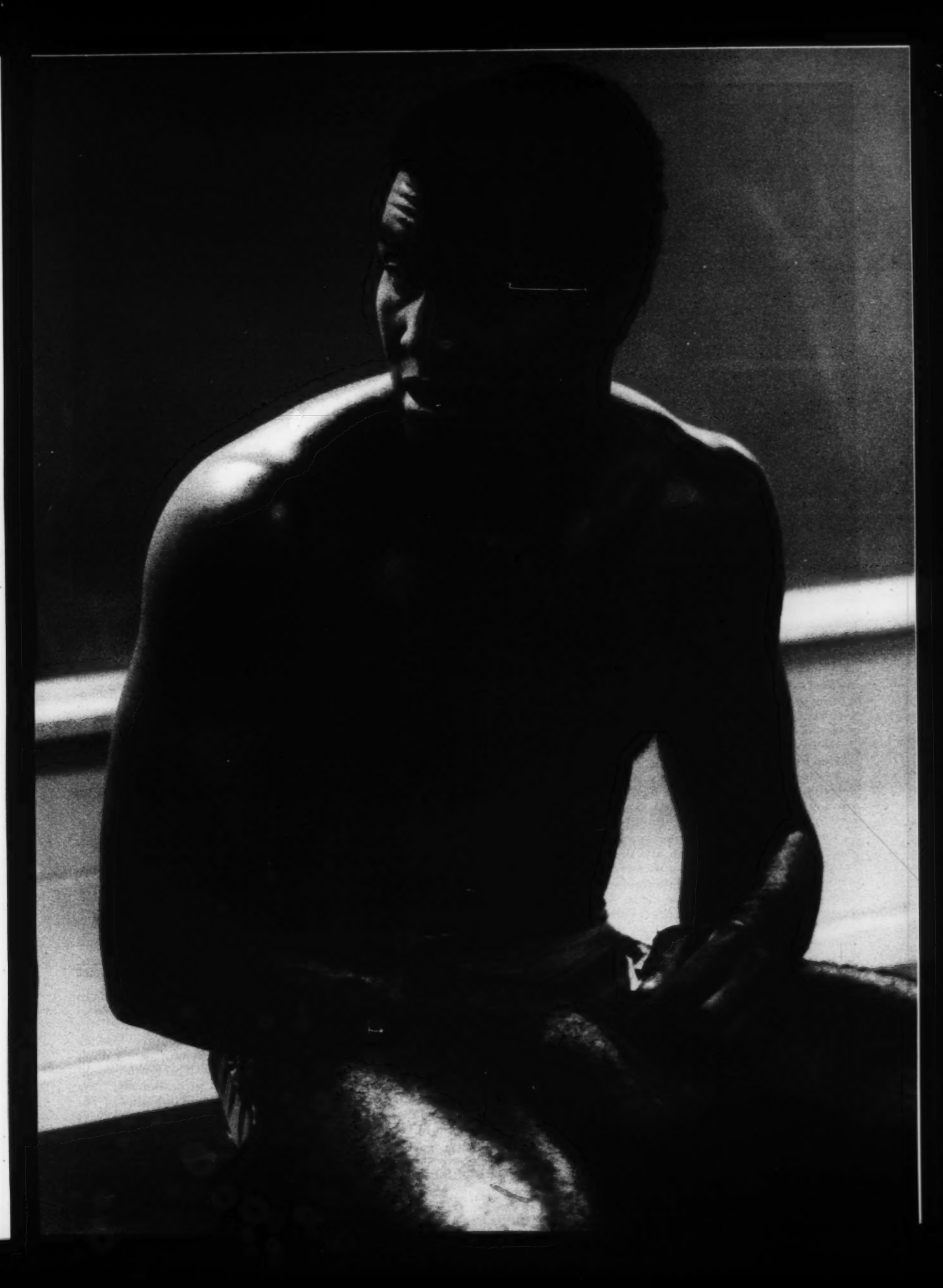
A typical Stevenson fight lasts as long as it takes for him to land his haymaker. Against John Tate in Montreal it required 83 seconds of the first round. Stevenson reached out with his left—not so much to jab the American as to steady the target—then brought in the right. It was a short punch to the jaw, but it cut through Tate's consciousness as cleanly as an axe through soft pine. At first it seemed only to confuse Tate, a big man himself at 6'4" and 228 pounds, who has not lost a fight in 46 subsequent bouts. Tate took a step backwards, uncertainly, as if he were blindfolded. Once launched in reverse he couldn't break the inertia. He sauntered backward into a neutral corner, his arms instinctively reaching for the ropes. Finding them, he paused momentarily, as if merely catching his breath before returning to the fight, but his legs were on a different course. He slid slowly down the ropes, his future sinking with him (some writers guessed that punch cost him $5 million in professional fights), staring upward with a look of sleepy puzzlement as the referee counted him out.

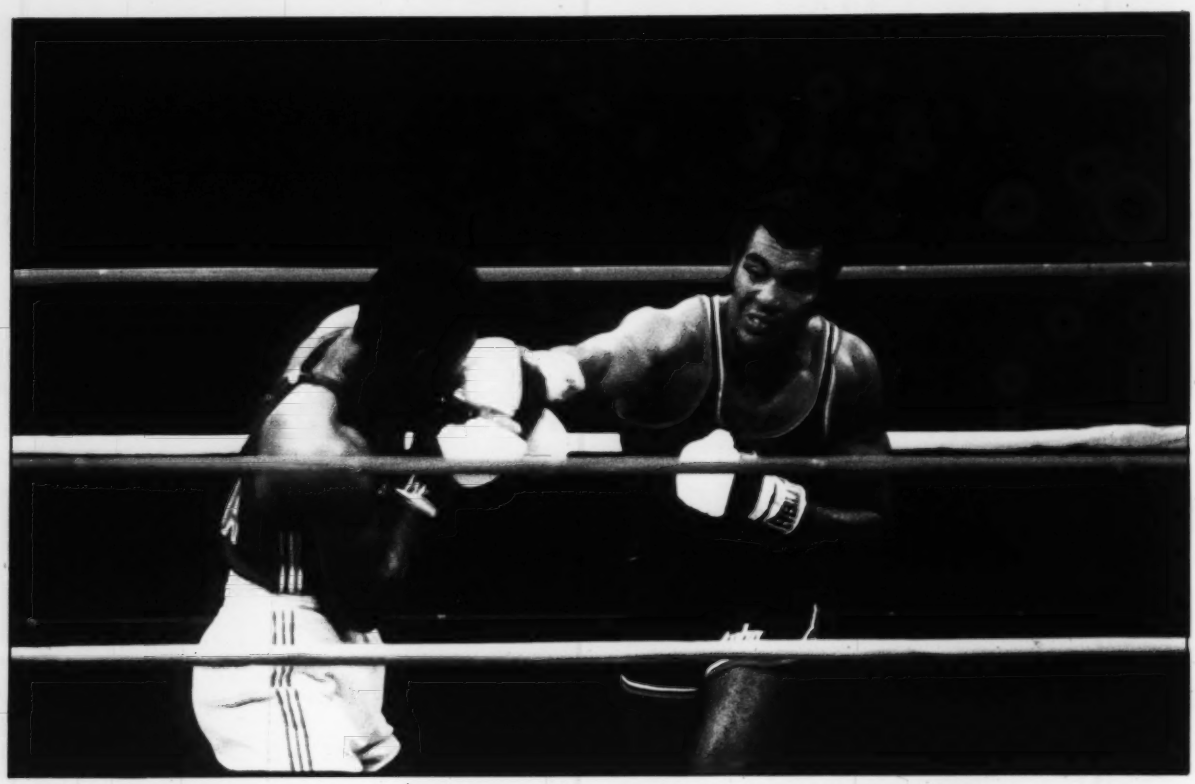
Stevenson is not known as a combination puncher, but as he sparred in the practice ring, it was obvious that he was trying to open up his style. Each round he threw a combination consisting of a left jab, a right cross, a left hook to the body and an overhand right. In practice, it came off well. Between rounds he rested against the ropes in a heavy sweat, rocking his neck from side to side as if working out a crick.

After the workout Stevenson descended into the audience, made up that night of Latin sportswriters and a couple of men in sharkskin suits who are "in boxing." The sportswriters let them through, and Stevenson grinned when he saw them coming. His expression almost never changes, so it becomes fixed in one's mind, like a wooden mask. He has a straight, thin-lipped mouth, but as he smiled, it drew wider and curled up slightly at either end, in the shape of a canoe. One of the sharkskins, who had a discreet limp, pushed forward and introduced himself in Spanish. In response, Stevenson presented his gloves.

"An honor," said the sharkskin, bowing slightly. He unlaced Stevenson's gloves, then unwound the yards of gauze protecting the fighter's knuckles. It is a wifely ceremony, usually performed by the trainer. Stevenson examined him with monumental insolence.

Photograph by George Kalinsky





The "Haymaker": Jimmy Clark gets a taste of Stevenson's potent right but manages to stay on his feet

"The hands of a champion," said the sharkskin. His partner nodded.

Out of the breast pocket of the sharkskin suit came an envelope with a return address of Louisville, Kentucky, containing mementoes of the amateur Cassius Clay. Stevenson examined the clippings keenly, almost fondly.

"Here's a picture of Clay, about $15 million later," said the man.

Stevenson laughed deeply. It was not an offer, but it was not much less. He handed the envelope back and shambled into the dressing room.

Some of the Cuban press had accompanied the team to New York, and they watched the scene with amusement. The idea of Stevenson's fighting for money seemed unthinkable to them. "I remember in Montreal, at a press conference," said Bobby Salamanca, an announcer for Radio Rebelde, who would broadcast the fight Friday night, "the press asked if he would like to turn pro. He said no, that being professional would be mercenary. 'You always give the same answer,' the press complained. 'Well,' Stevenson said, 'you always ask the same question.'"

The big Cuban is an enigma in the world of boxing, which cannot abide a mystery for long. For six years he has been the undisputed heavyweight champion of amateur fighting—so clearly superior to the rest of the field that other heavyweights (such as Greg Page, an American fighter) have avoided him, or even disgraced themselves by refusing to answer the bell (as did a Yugoslav boxer recently during the World Games in Belgrade). The fact that Stevenson chooses to continue terrifying amateurs, rather than to fight professionally, makes fight promoters sputter at the lost possibilities—especially now, when Muhammad Ali is in his senescence, and pretenders to the throne are raising their flags on every horizon.

American fight promoters have offered Stevenson millions of dollars to defect, but he turns them down with his stock answer: "I have a million people for me in Cuba. I would rather be with them in Cuba than to be an American for a million dollars." That kind of response—*crème de la révolution*—simply whets the appetites of matchmakers. Race, religion and politics—the black sheep of polite conversation—are the bellwethers of fight promotion. Teo Stevenson in a title fight could be the best political match since Max Schmeling and Joe Louis replicated World War II.

An Olympic championship has traditionally been the antechamber to the heavyweight championship of the world. Stevenson's immediate predecessors in the heavyweight category were George Foreman and Joe Frazier. Leon Spinks and Muhammad Ali both won the gold in the light-heavyweight classification; Floyd Patterson was a middleweight champion in 1952 in Helsinki (the year that Sweden's Ingemar Johansson was disqualified in the heavyweight division for "not trying"). From an American perspective, at least, it is the culmination of an amateur career, a commencement exercise. Stevenson is often praised as the only heavyweight to win the gold medal twice, but he is also one of the few who has tried.

Teo Stevenson in a title fight could be the best political match since Louis and Schmeling replicated World War II

Many people in this country consider Stevenson a political hostage. "I don't think any of us know if Stevenson would really like to fight professionally," says Nat Loubet, editor and publisher of *The Ring* magazine. "Of course he always says 'I don't want the money.' What else can he say? The only other answer is 'My government won't let me.'"

Perhaps Stevenson does feel unfairly

Nancy Zucker provided translation and other assistance in the preparation of this article.

Photograph by Ken Regan/Sports Illustrated

bound to amateurism, but it seems more likely that he feels hostage to boxing itself. "This isn't a career for me, it's a game," he says. To one of the Latin reporters Stevenson admitted that he was bored with boxing, but felt obliged to fight until the 1980 Olympics in Moscow.

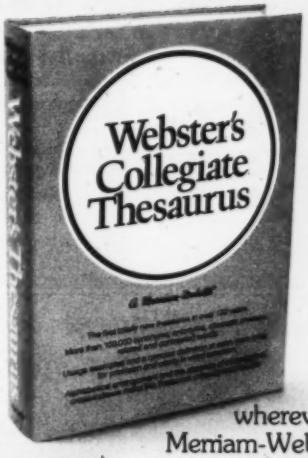
The mistake American promoters make is that when they look at Stevenson, they are thinking of Ali, a sharkskin's dreamboat. They don't realize that Stevenson finds his role model in an amateur light-heavyweight of modest reputation named Fidel Castro, whose career has long since drifted into other areas.

Although he was born in Jamaica, Stevenson is an international projection of the Cuban revolution, and also of Cuban manhood, which in the culture of machismo is just as important. "He is the biggest figure in Cuban sport," says Bobby Salamanca. "After Fidel and Cuban music, there is Teo." In 1976, Stevenson was elected to the first National Assembly, representing his home district of Las Tunas. He says he expects to continue in government after he retires from the ring.

Stevenson's father was a boxer, but Teo gives most of the credit for his development to the elaborate national sports system, constructed on the Soviet and East German models, which surveys the entire school population for promising athletes and grooms them for international competition. "To become an international competitor for Cuba means being subjected to observations and testing that would send chills through the average American footballer," notes Fred Ward, in his book *Inside Cuba Today*. "Children with prospects take mental and physical tests to determine motivation, agility, I.Q. and the kind of sports at which they might excel. Computers are more and more used in this work, with such incredible attention to detail that a printout on a single boxing match might show the precise number of left hooks a fighter executed in each round."

The system is designed to produce professional amateurs, and it's a puzzle how a fighter such as Stevenson might perform against an American professional. Most boxing observers believe that Stevenson has slowed since Montreal, the natural result of growing older (he is 26 now), and that his development has been stunted by the lack of competition. Stevenson rarely meets a first-class opponent, and with his punch and his experience he doesn't need much boxing talent to annihilate the amateurs.

Stevenson's strengths as a fighter, besides his right hand, are a good reach (84 inches, which is six inches longer than Clark's and two inches longer than Ali's) and a jaw that resembles the hull of an icebreaker. His weakness is his



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ıta- **easy** *adj* **1** causing or involving little or no difficulty
<an *easy* solution>
tion ***syn*** effortless, facile, light, royal, simple, smooth, untroublesome
rel apparent, clear, distinct, evident, manifest, obvious, plain; clear-cut, straightforward, uncomplicated, uncompounded, uninvolved
tion; ***idiom*** easy as falling off a log, easy as pie, nothing to it
con arduous, difficult, troublesome; abstruse, complex, complicated, intricate, knotty
ffort- poise, ***ant*** hard
2 ***syn*** FORBEARING, charitable, clement, indulgent, lenient, merciful, tolerant
ffness, rtion ***rel*** compassionate, condoning, excusing, forgiving, pardoning, sympathetic; benign, kindly; lax, moderate, soft; humoring, mollycoddling, pampering, spoiling
rosper- ***con*** austere, exacting, rigid, severe, stern, strict, stringent
ıssuage, **3** easily taken advantage of or imposed upon <he was *easy* prey to her wiles>
syn fleeceable, gullible, naive, susceptible
, slack, ***rel*** credulous, trusting, unmistrusting, unsuspicious; deceivable, deludable, dupable, exploitable; artless, dewy-eyed, green, simple, unsophisticated
con critical, cynical, disbelieving, mistrustful, scoffing, skeptical, suspicious, unbelieving
ease vot- **4** ***syn*** FAST 7, light, loose, ‖riggish, unchaste, wanton, whorish
d, further, **5** ***syn*** COMFORTABLE 2, comfy, cozy, cushy, easeful, snug, soft
grease the ***rel*** secure
con discontented, dissatisfied; miserable
...comfortable ... good-humored, good-

E F G H I J

inflexible and limited style. "Stevenson is basically a stand-up fighter," says Duane Bobick, the only American who has ever beaten him. "He punches from the outside; he's not a good inside fighter. He has trouble with the guy who moves, and he has a little trouble with the guy who has a good jab. As far as style goes, he really hasn't developed. He's got a good jab and he's got a good right hand, and he throws a pretty fair uppercut. But you seldom see the guy throwing hooks. You very seldom see—outside of a jab and a right hand—you don't see any combinations. But the thing of it is, if he hits you with that right hand he's gonna hurt ya."

Bobick became an expert on Stevenson's right hand in the 1972 Munich Olympics, the year after he had beaten Stevenson in the Pan American Games. Bobick was exhausted and pretty well beaten up from his previous fight, and he had the misfortune of meeting Stevenson just as the slaughter of Israeli athletes that took place as those games was coming to a climax. (Right after the fight the games were suspended.) It was a brutal beating. Bobick's mother was in the audience screaming "His face is hurt! His face is hurt!" until the referee finally stopped the fight. Photographs of that encounter are so ubiquitous in Cuba that Bobick is the best known American fighter there, with the single exception of Muhammad Ali (or Cassius Clay, as he is still known in Cuba, where religious symbolism is not encouraged).

Since Munich, the prospect of seeing Stevenson fight American professionals has been considered one of the desirable by-products of improved relations with Cuba (he's in the same class as good tobacco): the problem has been that Stevenson could not fight professionally and retain his amateur standing. Now, perhaps, a match will be made, but in hippodrome fashion: a series of five three-round "exhibitions" between Ali and Stevenson next year, fought under amateur rules, with Stevenson's cut of the purse ($1.1 million) going to the Cuban Boxing Federation. The Association of International Boxing of Amateurs will be meeting in Madrid at the end of this month to review the proposal.

At the moment, Stevenson's thoughts were on Jimmy Clark, who lost an extremely close split decision to Stevenson earlier this year in Havana. Clark is a "busy" fighter—not a gyrene (Nat Loubet's word) like Leon Spinks, but a mobile, quick puncher of the sort that is said to give Stevenson trouble. Stevenson has had 175 fights in his career and has lost only ten times, twice to a busy Russian named Igor Vysotsky, the only man to knock Stevenson out. In November, 1975, Vysotsky, a bleeder, lost to Clark in the Garden "on cuts," as they say in the game, meaning he was too bloody to continue.

The Americans had been training at Fort Dix, New Jersey, but the day before the fight, the team came to the Garden to work out—all of the American boxers, that is, except Jimmy Clark.

Bob Surkein, the venerable referee who presided over the Stevenson-Clark bout in Havana (and would again Friday night), said he picked Clark to win. "Jimmy may have trouble getting under

"He is the biggest figure in Cuban sport. After Fidel and Cuban music, there is Teo"

him, but he didn't before. I thought he won that fight in Havana."

"I don't know, Bobby. They got Stevenson trained with a beautiful four-punch combination, the best I've ever seen him throw," said Luis Camacho, coach of Alex Ramos, the 17-year-old Golden Gloves champion in the middleweight division. Camacho demonstrated the combination.

"He doesn't look that fast," Surkein said.

"Really, it's the best I've ever seen him."

"Only one fighter I ever saw put that combination together," Surkein said. "Sugar Ray Robinson."

"Norton used it against Quarry," someone said.

"Yeah, but Quarry is a punching bag," Surkein replied. "As long as the other guy is strong and his head is clear, he's gonna break that rhythm. If Stevenson is smart, he'll bully Jimmy into the corner and go to work on him."

"Where is Jimmy?" I asked.

"Who knows?"

Emanuel Steward, the assistant U.S. coach, also picked Clark to win. "Outside of a good right hand, Stevenson is very overrated. His main asset is intimidation. A lot of guys lose to him before they ever get into the ring—I've seen guys just quit when they have to face Stevenson. Clark is just the type to throw him off. He's got very little respect for him. Clark is one of the few heavyweights that don't give a damn about nobody."

"Speaking of Clark, isn't he supposed to be here?"

"Yeah, who knows where he is. Prob'ly that school business again."

Jimmy Clark was in his room across the street in the Statler Hilton, studying for an exam in criminal justice, his major at West Chester State College, near his home in Coatesville, Pennsylvania. "It's tough to be a fighter and maintain the honor roll," he said.

At 6'2" and 205 pounds, Clark is big even for a heavyweight, but compared with Stevenson he looks frightfully short, and light. He has an open, earnest face with an aggrieved look in his eyes that recalls Floyd Patterson, our most sensitive heavyweight.

"I must be the most shortchanged boxer in the world," Clark complained. "People don't seem to digest the things I've done. There was a lot of talk in 1975 about Ali fighting Vysotsky, but as soon as I met him in the Garden everything went out the window. In 1976, I defeated Johnny Tate in his home town of Knoxville, Tennessee; later, I lost a controversial decision to him in Las Vegas. I can say to you that my reason for not going to the Olympics is political. I should have been where Leon Spinks is today. Last year I defeated two up-and-coming heavyweights, Greg Page and Tony Tubbs, on the same day—at the National Golden Gloves in Hawaii."

When Clark graduates in December he will either go on to law school or decide to fight professionally. Eventually he plans to enter politics, like Teo Stevenson.

"I'll probably run for political office right after I become the heavyweight champion of the world. I want to take all the favors out of government. Anything short of excellence is unacceptable to me. I would have an absolutely straight administration."

I asked him what office he planned to administer.

Clark ducked his head and peered up shyly. "I've been thinking of running for senator, one day."

Clark said he hadn't planned a special strategy for the fight. "A lot is predicated on the way he responds to what I throw. I know he doesn't like a lot of pressure, so that's going to encourage me to put a lot of pressure on him.

"My best punch is the left hook to the body—I've seen it tear guys to pieces. So I'll be throwing the left hook a lot. I may even test his chin. I can guarantee he'll go if I get the punch I want."

Clark is 24, which is old for an amateur fighter. He has had 100 fights and, although he's lost ten of them, he thinks he's never been beaten decisively. "So far," said Senator Clark, "most of my losses have been political."

The Cubans moved through Manhattan in a determinedly nonpolitical fashion, smiling a lot, being obliging but evasive with the press and doing most of their shopping at Woolworth's. The "monster," as José Martí, the poetic founding spirit of Cuban independence, called the U.S., was on full display: the skyscrapers, the garbage, the fabu-

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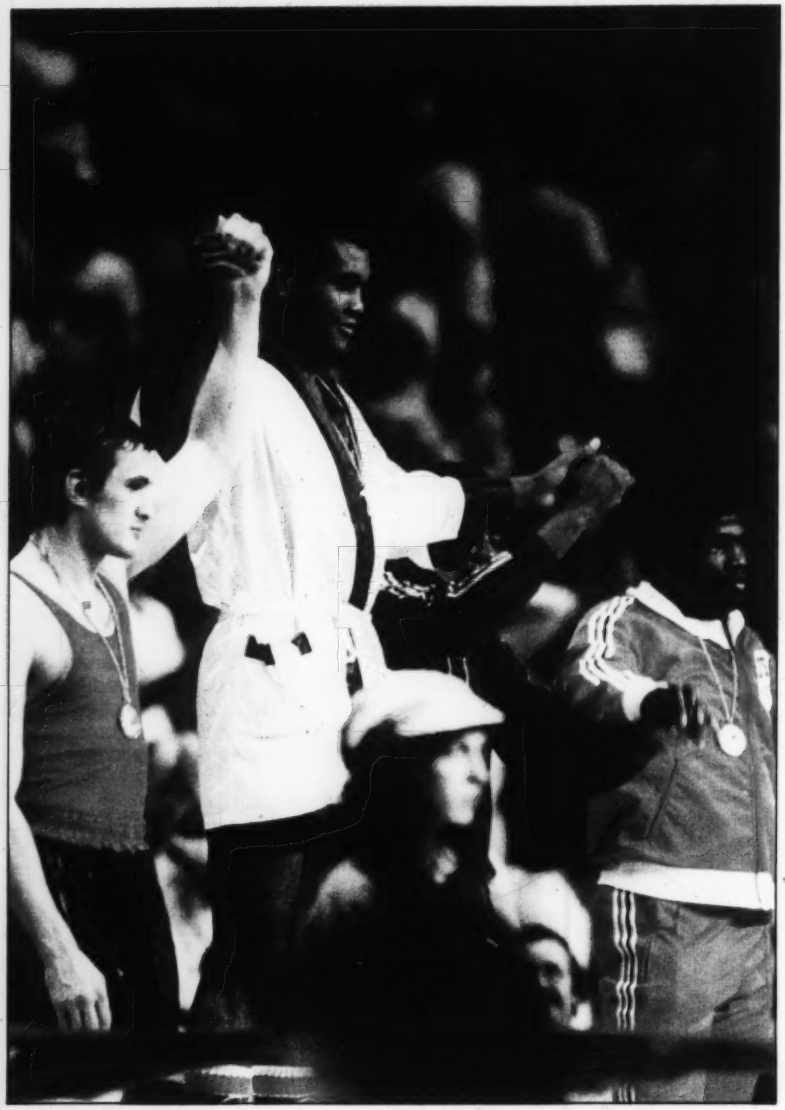

Victory in Montreal: Stevenson won't fight for money but he'll take gold

lous shop windows, the bag ladies with swollen ankles sleeping in doorways. "Because we are communists, we feel a little strange here," explained Sixto Soria, the light-heavyweight who lost to Leon Spinks in the last Olympics. "It's just not our ambience."

The night before the fight, shortly after a New York Knicks exhibition basketball game, a bomb exploded in the Garden complex, knocking out windows in the Gerry Cosby & Co. sporting goods store and in the Manufacturers Hanover Trust building above it. Debris from the explosion shattered a window in St. John's Church across the street. The explosion awakened fighters on both teams who were quartered in the Statler Hilton. Teo Stevenson, who speaks some English, turned on the television set and learned that a man representing a group called Omega 7, an anti-Castro terrorist group, had telephoned the Associated Press to say that the bomb was a protest against the Cuban boxers.

Stevenson spent the day of the fight walking the streets of New York. Without their team uniforms, the other fighters blended anonymously into the polyglot pedestrian flow, but Stevenson is too conspicuous and too easily recognized. He is the sort of person one would have to notice anyway. "*El Gigante*" (the giant), as the Cubans call him, walks with a sailor's strut, with a blue comb stuck in his hair. When he is recognized he nods and floats his canoe smile. "I like to be known," he acknowledged, "but sometimes in Cuba it is too much. I have to dash to my car."

Clark went entirely unnoticed, even in the lobby of the Statler, where autograph hounds were on the lookout. He spent most of the afternoon studying, and watching TV. He had a small piece of fish for dinner and then went for a stroll down West 30th Street to Gleason's Gym, a dingy two-ring cave that is the heart of pro boxing in New York. "This is a place I only heard about," said Clark.

The rings in Gleason's are always going. Lightning Bob Smith, Leon Spinks' first professional victim, ran through some combinations he wished he had used. Larry "The Tumbler" Davis ("The Human Fireplug") rehearsed the back flips that are his trademark when he wins a fight. Up in the balcony Wildman Bobby Alexander relaxed with a soft drink.

Jimmy Clark had to introduce himself.

"Oh, yeah! You the cat that's fightin' the Cuban dude! Whassis name?"

"Stevenson."

"Riiight!"

"When you fightin'?" This from Jackie Tonawanda, the Female Ali.

"Tonight."

"In the Garden, huh?" Tonawanda said. "The Garden's been good to me. That's where I knocked out a top male contender."

Clark lifted his eyebrows. "Yeah, the Garden's been good to me, too."

Out of the dimness behind the heavy bags came a limping figure, the man in the sharkskin suit. He came with a smile on his face, reaching instinctively for Clark's hands. "He's ready for the picking, Jimmy," said Sharkskin. "He's been boxing a long time. It's just about the right time to take him."

Clark clenched his jaw. "I'm gonna take him. I'm gonna take him tonight."

"I like to hear you say that. Stevenson's a pretty fair boxer, but he don't have the legs. If you get inside, the right don't mean nothin'."

"That's my plan—fight him inside."

Sharkskin smiled. "This is your time, Jimmy. I'd like to see you do it."

Just before the fight, Gerry Cosby was still supervising the cleanup of his sporting goods store. Carpenters were replacing the back wall, formerly all glass, with large sheets of plywood. Cosby had the face of a man at a funeral. "I been associated with the Garden for 41 years," he said. "Nothing like this ever happened before."

Inside the Garden, the ring was bright with television lights. Before the bomb the fight was expected to be a sellout, but now only 8,000 people had shown—the hard core, the rabid, mostly Latin fight fans. On either side of the Garden enormous Cuban and American flags faced each other, and below the Cuban flag sat a contingent of several hundred Cuban supporters who kept up a steady chant of "Cuba, Cuba. Cuba!" while the judges pondered

Photograph by Neil Leifer/Sports Illustrated

their decisions.

There are three judges in amateur boxing. If the referee is Cuban, two judges will be Americans, who then constitute the majority vote. To offset the bias of the judges, the Cuban referee uses his power to deduct points from the American fighter, or to force a break when things are going against his man. However, in a close fight the American will always win if the two judges are American, just as the Cuban will win when his countrymen have the advantage. It's a fine school for politicians.

In the first four fights each country won two, but the Cubans were the greater victims since their losses went to Hernández and Herrera, their gold medalists. They retaliated by voting an especially egregious decision against Jackie Beard, the American 119-pounder. That decision was followed by a flood of garbage into the ring.

Things began to heat up in the middleweight fight between Alex Ramos and José Gómez, the amateur world champion. Ramos is a New Yorker, 17 years old and probably the most popular amateur boxer in New York—especially among Puerto Ricans, who make up the majority of the fans. Fights began to break out in the audience, which had been tolerant of the Cuban supporters until this point. Although Gomez was taller and more experienced, Ramos knocked him down in the first round, and held even the next. In the third round (the final round in amateur fighting), Ramos began to press for a knockout, knowing that with two Cuban judges deciding the bout he had little chance for a win. He came in too close, and the Cuban put him down. On points, it was still a close fight, and when the Cuban got the decision the sportswriters at ringside ducked under the table. When Puerto Ricans lose fights in the Garden, everyone looks for cover.

The next bout, the light-heavyweights, matched Sixto Soria, a strong puncher and one of the better boxers on the Cuban team, against Rick Jester, who was coming back from a broken jaw. In the second round Jester landed a left-right combination that sent Soria to the canvas, but he got up and let loose a series of blows that sent Jester into a wobbly dance. He finally found a partner in the referee, who guided him back to his corner and stopped the fight.

Stevenson came in on the run, waving to the roar. He hugged Soria and then vaulted over the red, white and blue ropes into the ring. He was full of activity, stretching his neck, doing warm-ups. Clark slipped in unnoticed and, like the crowd, stood captivated by Stevenson's show of energy. *El Gigante* gave Clark a quick grin before his mouthpiece went in.

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The first exchange set the pattern for the rest of the fight. Stevenson likes to hold his hands low, about chest level, but he is so tall and stands so upright that his head seems to float on the horizon, like a rising moon. Instead of attacking the body, as Clark said he planned to do, he rushed in behind his jab and landed two quick lefts in Stevenson's face before the big Cuban shoved him back. It was a risky strategy because it made Clark lunge.

Clark scored most of the points in the first round, almost entirely on his jab. At the end of the round he swung a wild left and gave Stevenson the open shot he waits for, but Clark ducked the right and ended the round in a clinch.

In the first row behind the press, Jorge Bango, the president of the Cuban delegation, shouted encouragement to Stevenson. Bango's companion for the evening was George Steinbrenner, principal owner of the New York Yankees. Obviously, in the next bargain the Cubans are hoping for more than the South Dakota basketball team.

During the second round Stevenson tried to assert his jab, and even threw some wild right leads, but Clark was finding his range now, reaching Stevenson's face with almost every jab. Clark is a boring-in fighter, all offense like Joe Frazier, but without Frazier's punch. He landed a left hook to the body, then a combination, but suddenly Stevenson's redoubtable right came crashing through. Stevenson stepped back like a lumberjack waiting for his tree to fall. Instead he got two quick jabs in the face. Something was gone.

Between rounds the Cuban trainers fanned a wet towel in their fighter's face to give him air. The crowd was on its feet, as was Jimmy Clark, who couldn't sit down now. He had it won; the only problem was that the Cubans had the voting majority in this fight, and to win it Clark might need a knockout. (In fact, one of the Cuban judges had scored this round even; the other had given both to Stevenson. The American judge had given both rounds to Clark.)

You could hardly hear the bell for the third round.

Both fighters were going for a knockout now. Stevenson finished the second round looking dazed, but he came back furious. He stunned Clark with a left and picked off Clark's countering jab—the best fighting Stevenson had done all night. Clark drew him into a clinch and scored with uppercuts. With less than a minute remaining in the fight the American referee, Bob Surkein, deducted a point from Stevenson for shoving. Right after the break Stevenson landed a left on Clark's nose and held it there while his right hand got started. It came from a foot behind his ear—the longest right Stevenson may ever have the chance to land—and it concluded on his

opponent's chin. Clark fell, but popped back up for the standing eight-count. Then Stevenson landed another right that knocked Clark across the ring, but he was still standing when the referee stopped the fight, with only 23 seconds left in the final round.

Stevenson, the victor, stepped into the white pool of television lights while Clark went quietly back to the dressing room, shaking his head. "I knowed I was ahead, but I know how these Cuban judges are," he said. "My condition was good, but not excellent, and my balance was off. But I don't know why the referee stopped the fight. I was waiting for him to give me the eight-count when Stevenson hit me again."

"He did give you the eight-count, Jimmy."

"Yeah? I thought the round was over, I guess. I don't know why he stopped it." Clark threw his trunks into his bag, thinking, no doubt, about the dimmer prospects of a professional career and of the probable delay in his candidacy. "Oh, man, Jesus Christ!" he moaned. "Why? *Mmm!*"

Stevenson defended his fight in the next room, telling reporters (Alex Ramos did the translating) that he knew he was ahead all along; but it was hard to believe it—his face was battered and his eyes were not clearly focused. He cut the interviews short and disappeared into the shower.

Stevenson, who came to New York as something of a legend, left it as something less. In early 1979 he may be facing a champion who once lost to Leon Spinks, little more than an amateur himself. The Ali-Stevenson match is a fight one would like to have seen five years ago.

"This will be just a gym workout for Ali," Nat Loubet says of the five three-round exhibitions. "He could go three rounds at top speed even at his age. He could make this guy look like the bull and the toreador."

The Cuban trainers, on the other hand, are full of confidence. When asked how they expect their man to fare against Ali, they merely point to a spot on the floor where they say the champ will fall—another casualty of the new social order.

The only other time a professional heavyweight champion has met an amateur heavyweight champion was the August night in 1957 when Floyd Patterson entertained Olympic Gold Medalist Pete Rademacher in an actual title fight. Patterson took him apart. That fight is often cited as an example of the distance between a good amateur and a good professional; what's just as often forgotten about the fight is that Rademacher had the champion on the canvas in the second round, and if the fight had been scored after three rounds—by amateur rules—Rademacher would have won. ●

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MUSIC / BY JOHN YOHALEM

GOING FOR BAROQUE

Kenneth Cooper is selling out, and that's pretty hot work for a harpsichordist. It's not just because he's flashy. Cooper works from a base of tradition, with a scholar's devotion to "documents"—studying the evidence for the style appropriate to each piece and fooling around only within those bounds. But there's an enthusiasm in Cooper's playing—fire, spunk, joy, a ferocious grace in the movement of the music. He adds a flair for drama to his astonishing rhythmic precision and flawless technique in a way that can make some 18th-century music a shock—the sonatas of Domenico Scarlatti, for instance—if you expect a genteel tinkling. A review of Cooper's two albums of Scarlatti mentions the "dazzling éclat of the soloist's bravura performances, (which) will shatter forever any lingering illusions of the harpsichord's being a small-toned instrument." And yet there's a bunch-of-friends-sitting-around-having-a-good-time feel to a Cooper recital, which has led to a full schedule of concerts, full houses of devoted fans and critical acclaim to boot. A staid *New York Times* critic wrote of a recital, "There were cheers, and he certainly deserved them. It was a great night for Mr. Cooper, the harpsichord and the lucky listener."

Cooper, 37, looks like a praying mantis as he gangles, skeletal, over the double keyboard. He sways back and forth and about with the music. From violinists, we're used to this; from flutists we expect it; but a keyboard virtuoso is supposed to be all poker-faced sobriety. Huge at the end of spidery limbs, his hands repeat the insect effect; the long fingers arch and dance, constructing glittering ballets. He raises them up and to the side at the conclusion of each piece, staring down as if in wonder at the bit of musical sculpture that has just appeared beneath them.

Scarlatti is Cooper's specialty, as he would be for any harpsichordist with a taste for the dramatic. There are over 500 sonatas, composed in Spain, where Scarlatti was tutor to Queen Maria Barbara and imbibed some remarkable influences—local color, flamenco rhythms, discordant harmonies, a mournful Hispanic way of doing things. There are tricky show-off sonatas and slow, moody ones, imitations of guitars and castanets and trumpets and wildlife, serenades and processions and country dances. Cooper has recorded 25 of them and almost always plays a set in recital.

When he's not playing Scarlatti, he usually plays Scarlatti's contemporaries, principally Bach and Handel. But Cooper and his harpsichord are definitely not stuck in an 18th-century rut. He is notoriously adventurous—Bartok, Ligeti and George Flynn were featured in one New York evening. Scott Joplin's rags and John Philip Sousa's *Washington Post March* were presented in his last concert at Alice Tully Hall. "Joplin's music is textural and rhythmic, not dynamic—ideal for harpsichord," says Cooper.

"I get a lot of ideas from old piano rolls," he says. Again the study of documents to get into the music, which comes from specializing in an instrument that was forgotten for over a hundred years. The tradition had to be reconstructed from careful study—and from what you might call informed instinct.

Around 1800, in the rush for big sound to fill the new big concert halls and to play the new tempestuous music, the harpsichord was left behind. When Polish pianist Wanda Landowska began to play Bach and Scarlatti on harpsichord before World War II, she was entering a forgotten world, filled, for all anyone knew, with fossils unable to live in the new climate.

But the new-old instrument, with its funny, portentous plucked notes and clattering chords, turned out to be easy to love, and by the fifties, concerts were filled with music lovers ready to get snooty over the notion of playing early music on any but the original instruments. Of course, some adjustment was necessary—pitch had changed, and the size of the halls made a vast difference to music composed for the aristocratic salon. But the harpsichord—played by such brilliant musicians as Ralph Kirkpatrick, Sylvia Marlowe and Fernando Valenti—won out.

Cooper—and he's far from alone in this—is not interested in presenting old music in glass cases. He wants to play the music he loves, and most of this music was composed one to three centuries ago. It excites him now, and he plays it to please the present age, but he can't believe modern ears have a better idea of how old music should sound than its composers had. He tries to scrub his mind stylistically clean of later influences, to immerse himself in the baroque era. "There couldn't be anyone who loved Bach or Handel more than I do," he says. "I think of Handel sitting at home and having a good time." Then he feels free to embellish a repeat or play around with a cadenza—not too much, and always idiomatically, to be sure.

There is some controversy about embellishment—how much was expected by the composer and how

Daylight Sonata: Harpsichordist Cooper gives an impromptu recital

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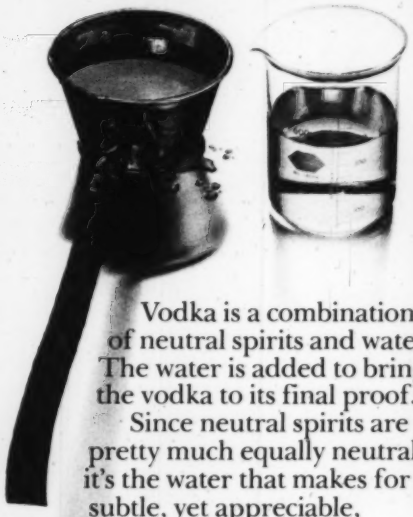

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much one should attempt now. Cooper has so studied the period that he does such things automatically, in ways he almost subconsciously recalls their having been done in other works of the same time. The finished product should be seamless. "My aim is to disguise it, and if nobody notices, I'm successful. Who is to say when I'm getting in the way of the composer?"

"One thing they weren't worried about in the 18th century was being authentic," laughs Cooper, who considers himself as thoroughly 18th century as anyone in the house, though he draws the line at powdered wigs on formal occasions. "The 18 th century was a very lively, witty, corrupt period. The finer things were appreciated. I identify with it, by accident perhaps." He tries looking corrupt. He does not succeed.

The small living room in the Coopers' tiny flat contains two harpsichords and a piano—people are not the stars here; they have to adjust. But despite the instruments, the recordings and the piles of sheet music, there is no music in the background, music to be ignored, music as comforting noise. When Cooper isn't playing and his wife, soprano Josephine Mongiardo, isn't singing, there is quiet. Records are played here only when they can receive full attention.

The Coopers travel a lot. In the last year Cooper has played in Vermont, upstate New York, Chicago, various parts of Wisconsin, Texas, Tennessee, North Carolina and Virginia—to name just the places he remembers when pressed. Which sonatas he plays at a given concert depends on what keys are working on the instrument they gave him. "Changing harpsichords is the worst part of touring," he says. Many of his concerts are duos or chamber music programs with such well-known performers as Franz Bruggen (recorder), Walter Trampler (viola) and Ani Kavafian (violin). Coming up this fall and winter are Brandenburgs with Henryk Szeryng (violin) and Gerard Schwarz (trumpet), Mozart concertos with the Clarion Society and the nearly annual recital with Paula Robison. At home, he teaches, writes articles, makes recordings.

Few classical musicians can live by records alone; but if there is little instant platinum, there are more steady sellers over the years than in pop. An ideal interpretation of a classic never goes out of fashion. Cooper's principal label is Vanguard, for whom, most recently, he's recorded a disc of Handel's overtures and Water Music, forgotten keyboard arrangements published in Handel's lifetime and discovered by Cooper in a London bookstore. His Scarlatti albums and Robison collaborations (Bach and Handel) are among the most spirited versions on disc. Last year, he put his piano-roll style to good use—with Gerard Schwarz on trumpet and Ronald Barron on trombone—on a Nonesuch record of turn-of-the-century dance tunes called *Cousins*. The album, nothing deep but a lot of fun, won a Stereo Review Record of the Year Award for 1977.

"There are two kinds of records I want to do—a real pop record and a Ligeti type of thing." Pressed about his pop ideas, Cooper admits, "I don't know the first thing about pop music. Maybe I just have ideas that nobody's thought of. I would like a new kind of music—existential—not emotionally packed, but 'here it is now.' I try to treat the harpsichord as something new, not as something that has survived."

Cooper's Scarlatti is astonishing music played ungodly well. The complicated notes and rhythms are precise beyond belief, and the harmonies are fresh, savage and gleaming. It's new music, all right, as Cooper plays it ●

RECORDS

BY JIM MILLER

A major label has finally discovered Eddie Palmieri, the most creative practitioner of contemporary salsa. A pianist with the hypnotic intensity of McCoy Tyner and the rhythmic drive of his Cuban prototype Luis Grinan, a band leader with an ear for gifted soloists and an eye for funky charts, a businessman with a sense of the market and a flair for setting fashion, Eddie Palmieri is a complete musician. He is also an irrepressible innovator: he has written jazz waltzes and "free form" orchestral pieces, blistering *guarachas* and slow *son montunos*; he has imported jazz soloists like Jeremy Steig and Ron Carter, and he has flirted with rock-salsa fusion.

With its canny blend of experimentation and commercial moves, **Lucumi Macuma Voodoo** (Epic) is a typical Palmieri venture. Yet there is something vaguely troubling about it. The vocals are blander, the brass brighter than usual; there is no trombone at all. Producer Bobby Colomby (of Blood, Sweat and Tears) has wasted one track on cosmic drivel ("Spirit of Love"), while Palmieri has peppered several cuts with pointless rock licks. They are trying hard for "crossover" pop appeal, with mixed results.

The album is rescued by two extended compositions, "Colombia Te Canto" and "Mi Congo Te Llama." With its scoring for cellos and two pianos, "Colombia" opens like a Ferrante and Teicher Latin date, until a rhumba interlude for horns and percussion heats things up for an exchange of keyboard choruses that moves between traditional riffs and passages outside worthy of Cecil Taylor. "Mi Congo" features similar complications, involving strings, vocal chants and a well-integrated rock interlude. For those already familiar with his previous work, *Lucumi Macuma Voodoo* may sound too carefully measured. In any case, it's a pleasure to see an artist of Palmieri's stature finally get a shot at the national recognition that is clearly his due.

Speaking of neglected masters, mention should be made of the Heath Brothers' first album for Columbia, **Passing Thru...**, featuring pianist Stanley Cowell, as well as bassist Percy, drummer Albert and saxophonist/arranger/composer Jimmy Heath. Unfortunately, the delicacy of Jimmy's scores gets blanded out by an electronic glaze of reverb—presumably because this is producer George Butler's idea of a "commercial" sound.

First impressions of Jack DeJohnette's **New Directions** (ECM) are similar: too much gauzy electronics from producer Manfred Eicher. Yet this is an impressive debut by drummer DeJohnette's new quartet, featuring trumpeter Lester Bowie, bassist Eddie Gomez and guitarist John Abercrombie. The music has an oddly spacey feel, thanks in part to the ethereal echo garbing the guitar. But the soloists all play sharply, while DeJohnette's elastic pulse gracefully presses them to their limits.

Equally rewarding, albeit in a different vein, is **Apogee** by the Pete Christlieb/Warne Marsh Quintet (Warner Brothers). Christlieb is a journeyman currently with the Tonight Show band, while Marsh, who also plays tenor sax, is a veteran modernist, often leagued with Lee Konitz as one of the most talented players to emerge from the West Coast during the fifties. Where Christlieb prefers straight-ahead swing, Marsh picks at the corners of a piece. Together, they steam through a no-nonsense date featuring lines like Lennie Tristano's "317 E. 32nd" and Charlie Parker's "Donna Lee." Thanks go to Steely Dan teammates Walter Becker and Donald Fagen, who produced, and presumably bullied Warners into releasing, this impeccably swinging date. ●

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MOVIES/BY RICHARD CORLISS

SOMETHING TO DO WITH DEATH

WARNING: *The review you are about to read contains sentences of explicit enthusiasm for a low-budget horror movie. You may be offended, even shocked, by the respect granted this exercise in sadistic suspense. The editors assume no responsibility for spells of fainting, derision or sleeping sickness. Be advised that you read this review at your own risk.*

It crept into town almost unnoticed. No major studio admitted its existence; only a few ads suggested where it might be caught; the press had to track its path with something very like reporter's radar. Its creator's name was known to only a handful of acolytes. Its stars—tiny, distant stars on a moonless All Hallows Eve—were an eccentric British character actor and a pleasant, seemingly ordinary girl who, upon investigation, was revealed to be the daughter of two Hollywood luminaries.

But by the time night had fallen over New York, the incredible had happened—the stuff of an audience's nightmares, and of a second-string critic's dreams. Out of the darkness, moving implacably, irresistibly at 24 frames per second, it came upon us. Those who survived its coming called it by many names. "B Movie Masterpiece!" screamed one pale-skinned buff. "Instant Schlock Horror Classic!" whispered an astonished friar. And one grizzled gaffer was heard to mutter over his espresso: "Most sinuous *mise en scene* since the tracking shot in Godard's *Tout Va Bien*."

Few could be found who agreed with these declarations—for, in truth, relatively few people had been touched by the thing's icy elegance. It crept out of town almost unnoticed. And the night sounds of the city resumed as before. Except for the chattering of some moviegoers' teeth . . . and the clattering of a few auteurists' typewriters.

It's one of the subsidiary satiric points of John Carpenter's **Halloween** that few people in the sleepy middle-class town of Haddonfield, Illinois, where the movie takes place, are aware of what's going on, either. On October 31, 1978, a homicidal maniac disposes of one truck driver, two dogs and three cute teenagers—and, aside from the victims, an intended victim (Jamie Lee Curtis), the ineffectual police chief, the murderer's former psychologist (Donald Pleasence) and a couple of frightened kids, nobody knows there's a demon killer stalking the streets. None of these comfortable folk in their attractive single-unit homes *wants* to know. And that's because, as the film suggests, they don't *have* to know—not yet. A malefic fate caught up with those teenagers on this Halloween night. The older people's turn will come some other time. Maybe next Halloween.

The story begins 15 Halloweens ago, when eight-year-old Michael Myers spotted his teenage sister necking with her boyfriend, and killed her with a kitchen knife. It resumes in the present, when he (or, as the psychologist calls him, "it") escapes from a sanitarium and returns home to Haddonfield. He centers his attention on three high school girls, two of them fun-loving cheerleader types (Nancy Loomis and P. J. Soles), the third a sweet, studious, healthy virgin named Laurie (played by the daughter of Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh, and whose resemblance to her mom sets off pleasing reverberations of *Psycho*, another movie about a perky girl and a home-town boy whose pathological impulses were triggered by spotting a female member of his family in carnal embrace). All day, he watches—stares at Laurie, mostly—and waits. Comes the night, and he makes his move: over the trim lawns, through the unlocked front doors, into the darkened homes, up to the bedroom, toward the teenage boy and girl who are preoccupied with their sex play, doing what boys and girls do, doing what they shouldn't do, what they *must not do!*

Halloween is a horror movie in the classic tradition. It relies almost entirely on suspense, on the *anticipation* of something terrible; most of the time we watch the killer watching his intended victims, or peer into the shadows around the edges of the frame to see if he's there. The victims are, for the most part, your standard horror-movie yo-yos. They leave doors not only unlocked but open; they walk through room after room without ever bothering to turn on a light; instead of jumping off a balcony to safety, they hide in closets; when the killer is in the same room—and this guy is one heavy breather—they don't notice him; and when they know he's there, they still don't leave. They are, in other words, the audience's simple-minded surrogates, stumbling into situations that guarantee a meeting with the monster. And when the violence comes, it's shocking (you'll jump) but not gory; an anemic ant could have provided all the blood you see in this movie, and a Korvette's hairdresser could have supervised most of the special effects. *Halloween* is, in fact, more discreet in its violence than *Psycho* was. And it's just as careful in adhering to the classic horror film's mindset: sadistic puritanism.

In *Psycho*, in Brian De Palma's *Sisters*, in Paul Bartel's *Private Parts*, even in Russ Meyer's *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls* (a hip horror film beneath its silicone surface), an orgasm of psychopathic violence follows—and is provoked by—keyhole sex. The horror genre is ferociously Old Testament in this respect; it punishes both the heroine-exhibitionist and the viewer-voyeur for their symbiotic sins of the flesh. It's the dark underbelly of this decade's jolly, impersonal porn films. Porn tends to trivialize and mechanize sex; horror movies portray sex as the Original Sin that cries out for divine retribution—and directorial sadism.

Halloween honors this formula: only those who are seen having sex are mutilated and killed; only the virgin is strong enough to withstand the force of evil. The film establishes this blood-versus-lust paradox with its magnificent opening scene, a four-minute tracking shot that shows us Michael's first murder through his own eyes. We see his sister and her beau making out on the living-room sofa and then going upstairs, and we follow Michael—no, we *are* Michael—as he walks around to the back of the house and through the kitchen door, as he grabs a knife, as he walks upstairs, picks up a Halloween mask and places it on his face, moves into his sister's room and stabs her, goes downstairs and out the front door to the lawn, where his parents are standing. As his father removes Michael's mask, the shot ends—and in a reverse shot we see that Michael is an eight-year-old boy.

So, from the first shot on, tracking shots are associated with the killer's point of view—whether or not the plot suggests he's around. In a slowly moving car, gliding down a suburban street in front of one or two or three of the girls, moving across lawns, up stairs, into dark rooms, his presence is always felt. He *can't* be everywhere. Can he? The psychologist thinks so. He's observed Michael for 15 years, vegetating like a rotting Halloween pumpkin—an

evil face, with the insides carved out. He's watched Michael in the asylum, seen him "looking at a wall, not seeing the wall, looking *past* the wall to this night of human liberation, waiting for some spark to set off an ecstasy of death." And by the end of *Halloween*, we agree that Michael is more than a leather-masked assassin, more even than "the bogey man." He is, as the man says, "pure evil."

It's one of Carpenter's triumphs to have devised a formal solution (the tracking shots) to this narrative and psychological problem. As Hitchcock could tell you, it's much easier to horrify audiences through montage: you cut from victim to knife to torso to dead victim to departing murderer. In a genre as visually manipulative as the horror film, long takes with a moving camera present all kinds of problems. You must direct the viewer's eyes toward the part of the screen where the jolt is about to appear, and this demands minute control of camera, actors and lighting. When you're working in wide screen (as Carpenter did), it's even more difficult. But this style and format, if used well, can establish an ominous, seductive mood. The viewer is drawn into the image; he participates in it; he's that much closer to the source of terror. So when the shock comes, he's scared out of his wits—and out of the frame.

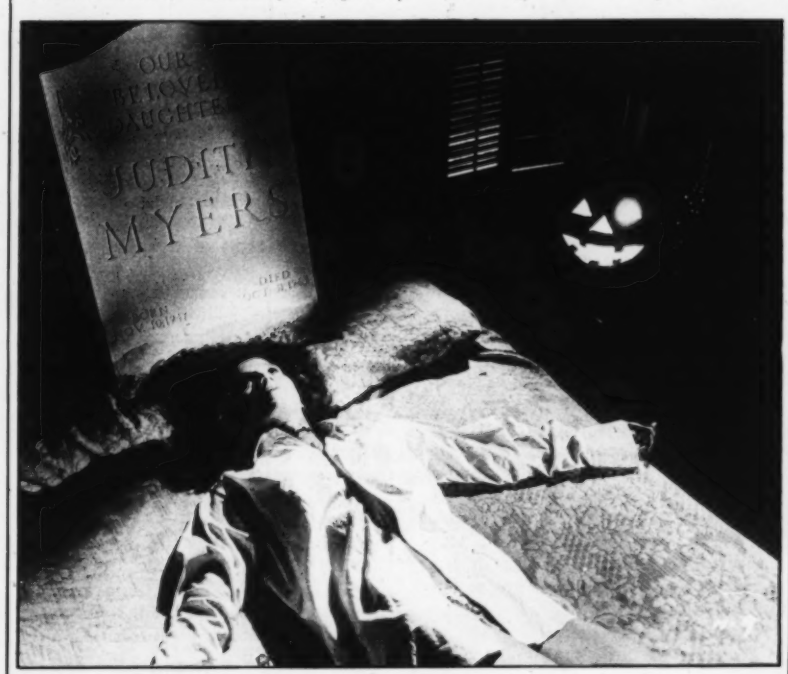
All this intelligence makes *Halloween* a better horror movie, and a superb demonstration of filmmaking artistry. Carpenter is only 30, but his achievement with *Halloween* is not exactly a surprise. As a student in the University of Southern California film school, he worked on a mature, affecting mood piece, about a young cowboy in modern L.A., called *The Resurrection of Bronco Billy*; it won the 1970 Oscar for the best live-action short film. His first feature, an eerie science-fiction comedy called *Dark Star* (1974), was made for $60,000 and won him a cult reputation here and in England. In 1976, on a slightly higher budget, he made *Assault on Precinct 13*, in which some cops, some cons and a plucky lady stave off a rolling wave of gunfire from a swarm of demonic thugs. It features several variations on Carpenter's favorite shot: from inside a moving car, and inside the skull of the preternatural villain. (The same device is used to less impressive effect—because by a less talented director—in *Eyes of Laura Mars*, for which Carpenter wrote the original script.)

Carpenter's fidelity to and fondness for the old genres sometimes gets in the way of his storytelling. You could spend all your time (enjoyably and profitably) in *Assault on Precinct 13* tabulating allusions and homages to the melodramas of John Ford, Sergio Leone and, especially, Howard Hawks. (Carpenter has composed the scores for all his movies; in *Assault*, the music is credited to "John T. Chance"—John Wayne's name in Hawks' *Rio Bravo*.) If *Halloween* looks to be Carpenter's breakthrough film, it may be because the conventions of the horror movie have held firm, and so can involve an audience that knows nothing of tracking shots and point-of-view. Even the homages are under control here: The two movies watched by the frightened children are *The Thing* (produced by Hawks) and *Forbidden Planet* (the first movie, Carpenter says, that sent him screaming out of a theater). *Halloween* credits the playing of *its* music—symphonic scariness mixed with computer noises that sound like a robot's fingernails scraping an electrified blackboard—to the "Bowling Green Philharmonic Orchestra." Carpenter's home town is Bowling Green, Kentucky—and *Halloween* may just be a local boy's valentine, or letter bomb, to Middle America.

In 1974, Carpenter said, "I feel special affection toward science-fiction/horror films. I grew up with them and love to watch them. It was their influence that led me into a career of directing pictures. However, the genre doesn't hold an exclusive position in the types of pictures I want to do. There are too many other stories to be told." I wonder if Carpenter means too many other *genres*, too many other tributes to the movies he loved as a kid, too many other chances to remake—or even improve upon—the best-tooled products of the Hollywood dream machine. He's the finest natural filmmaker to come along since Martin Scorsese, and he shapes and controls his films with more care than Scorsese chooses to bring to *his* movies. I hope he'll be given the chance (read: budget) to do something that is as daring in content as it is in form.

Maybe I just don't want Carpenter to make any more horror films—because I don't *enjoy* being scared witless. The blood doesn't bother me; it's the waiting I can't stand, the coiling of the spring, the anticipation of a big bad man sneaking up behind me and shouting "Boo!" (I've devised a shock-absorber system, which I'm happy to pass along to the similarly squeamish. In the Western world, we read from left to right, and our eye moves naturally in that direction even when "reading" a movie image. Directors of horror movies know this, so they generally introduce their shocks—claws, knives, evil faces—from the right side of the screen, to collide with the viewer's eye movement. If you block off your view of the right side of the screen, you won't be scared by the first burst of violence. You'll also be a big sissy.)

With that off my hairless chest, I can add that *Halloween* is the nicest surprise and the best horror movie in ages. It's cunning, sophisticated, well-acted and lovely to look at—the left side of the screen, anyway. I'm pleased to anticipate (without a shudder) the movies John Carpenter is capable of making. For now, we can be satisfied with *Halloween*, a nasty trick that's also a delicious treat. ●



Judy's Turn to Die: Fifteen years later, a grisly encore

BOOKS/BY GEOFFREY WOLFF

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(693 pp., $15.00)

Here they are, 61 stories, maybe two duds in the lot, the most consistently scrupulous body of prose any living American has made. The stories date from 1947, and to honor their republication let's review John Cheever's virtues: accuracy of sentiment and moral judgment, learning, a willingness to run risks and buck fashion, clarity of purpose and language, full investment in his characters, a willingness—despite syntactical decorum—to tackle anything.

His vision is as bleak as anyone's. But the despair is felt rather than donned; Cheever writes of darkness, looking for light. Still, it is from darkness his stories come and to darkness they go. We die; there is always *that*; to deny this is to lie, and for the narrator of this collection's first story "the company of a lie is unbearable."

That first story in this chronological arrangement is titled "Goodbye, My Brother," and as far back as 1947 Cheever was touching the violence contiguous with love in blood kinship. In his recent novel *Falconer* (*NT*: April 1, 1977), Farragut is serving a ten-year sentence for killing his brother with a fire-poker. Here the narrator bloodies his melancholy brother with a heavy clump of seaweed. Violence is rare in Cheever fictions: The unstruck blow is the most painful assault, and there is no end to conversational menace, the kind that Harold Pinter exploits. But blood flows in "Goodbye, My Brother," and it doesn't trouble the narrator in the least. The morning following the assault, the narrator watches his injured brother depart, "and I got up and went to the window, and what a morning that was! Jesus, what a morning! The wind was northerly. The air was clear."

That clarity and precision of feeling are Cheever's signatures. In a brief preface to his stories he writes that "the constants" he has looked for in his selection "are a love of light and a determination to trace some moral chain

of being." To be immoral is to live or write a lie, and it is as much a lie to deny the light as to deny the dark. "The Worm in the Apple," from the middle years of this work, tells of a family that seems satisfied with its life. In Shady Hill, Cheever's favorite suburb of the mind's eye, the Crutchmans "were up to their necks in everything." Mr. Crutchman "was everywhere: He was at the communion rail, the 50-yard-line, he played with the Chamber Music Club, drove the fire truck, served on the school board, and rode the 8:03 into New York every morning." The narrator is a modernist, so he must ask: "What was the sorrow that drove him?" The story has a trick ending: Everything is just as it has seemed; the Crutchmans "got richer and richer and richer and lived happily, happily, happily, happily."

There is no little ambiguity here. The Crutchmans' happiness may be Cheever's misery, and the story's moral surely influenced that scene in *Annie Hall* wherein Woody Allen stops a couple on the street to ask if they are happy. As a matter of fact, they reply, they are very happy. Woody Allen asks how this can be, and they answer that they are idiots, entirely satisfied with their mediocrity and limits. But there is more to "The Worm in the Apple" than a gloss on Tolstoy's probably fallacious observation about happy and unhappy families. The story is also about an artist's choices, about the kind of narrator who, "through timidity or moral cowardice, could not embrace the broad range of [the Crutchmans'] natural enthusiasms and would not grant that, while Larry played neither Bach nor football very well, his pleasure in both was genuine."

Nevertheless, the litany of despair running through these fictions is remorseless. The early "Enormous Radio," a surreal narrative about a radio that receives the private conversations of Jim and Irene Westcott's fellow apartment-dwellers, includes a riff that will be played like a chorus through later stories. Irene begs Jim not to quarrel with her: "All the others have been quarreling all day. Everybody's been quarreling. They're all worried about money. Mrs. Hutchinson's mother is dying of cancer in Florida and they don't have enough money to send her to the Mayo Clinic. At least, Mr. Hutchinson says they don't have enough money. And some woman in this building is having an affair with the handyman—with that hideous handyman. It's too disgusting. And Mrs. Melville has heart trouble and Mr. Hendricks is going to lose his job in April and Mrs. Hendricks is horrid about the whole thing and that girl who plays the 'Missouri Waltz' is a whore, a common whore, and the elevator man has tuberculosis and Mr. Osborn has been beating Mrs. Osborn."

In "The Season of Divorce" a husband asks his wife why she wakes up crying: "I cry because I saw an old woman cuffing a little boy on Third Avenue. She was drunk.... I cry because my father died when I was twelve and because my mother married a man I detested or thought that I detested. I cry because I had to wear an ugly dress—a hand-me-down dress—to a party twenty years ago, and I didn't have a good time. I cry because of some unkindness that I can't remember." But it is the purpose of Cheever's stories to locate the occasions of grief, to recollect them, and to connect the random bad luck and good times that all in all form "some moral chain of being."

"The Pot of Gold" resembles Henry James' "Beast in the Jungle," in which

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a character waits and waits for something conclusive to happen to him. James' beast pounces finally, and it is nothing. The conclusive fact of the character's life is that nothing will ever happen to him. Thus Ralph and Laura Whittemore: "They were always at the threshold of fortune; they always seemed to have something on the fire." He is a "prisoner of his schemes and expectations" that they will grow rich, but they do not. The wanting and waiting are brutal; casualties are taken, and one night at a party Laura thinks how many of her old friends are missing. "Adversity and failure accounted for more than half of them, as if beneath the amenities in the pretty room a keen race were in progress, in which the loser's forfeits were extreme."

As indeed they are. On the cusp of failure husbands try sad affairs with sad women. Wives retreat into fantasy. Everyone drinks too much. An early story, "The Sorrows of Gin," is one of many about the serial suicide of heavy, heavy drinking. Cheever has made no secret of his own past alcoholism; he earns what he writes, knowing the sensation and its cost. "The Seaside Houses," from the fifth of his six previous story collections, summarizes the history of a drunk beginning to slide: "It was the first note of ugliness, but there would be nothing much but ugliness afterward. He would get very mean. Thin, fat, choleric or merry, young or old, all the ghosts do. In the end, they all drift home to accuse the doorman of incivility, to rail at their wives for extravagance, to lecture their bewildered children on ingratitude, and then to fall asleep on the guest-room bed with all their clothes on."

Way back in "Goodbye, My Brother," a woman swallowed a stiff drink and then "stared angrily at the dark air in front of her nose, moving her head a little, like a fighter. I knew that there was not room in her mind then for all the injuries that were crowding into it." A man in "Torch Song" "began to spill liquor, as if drinking, for him, were a kind of jolly slaughter and he enjoyed the bloodshed and the mess."

That's it, exactly. In "The Brigadier and the Golf Widow," Charlie Pastern and his wife build a bomb shelter in their garden. He waits for the end of the world, welcomes the slaughter. He's tired, drinks too much, tries an affair with a neighbor, Mrs. Flannagan. She extorts from him the key to his bomb shelter in return for her favors. This is the final humiliation for Charlie's wife: "He had dragged her good name through a hundred escapades, debauched her excellence, and thrown away her love, but she had never imagined that he would betray her in their plans for the end of the world." The notion is piquant, mordant. Cheever is a funny man. But compassion locks the story in place. Charlie, awful as he is, imagines Mrs. Flannagan, awful as she is, protecting her self-esteem: "Her pride, he thought, was so childish, so sterling! Sometimes, driving through a New Hampshire mill town late in the day, he thought, you will see in some alley or driveway, down by the river, a child dressed in a tablecloth, sitting on a broken stool, waving her scepter over a kingdom of weeds and cinders and a few skinny chickens. It is the purity and the irony of their pride that touches one; and he felt that way about Mrs. Flannagan."

It is possible to love pride. And to love clear air, the smell of a hardwood fire, the fact of children. There are many children in these stories. The suburban narrator of "The Chimera" announces, "My wife and I are terribly unhappy together, but we have three beautiful children, and we try to keep things going." The children try, too. When the quarrels get too hot out by the barbecue, where the narrator's neighbor wears a chef's hat and an apron that says "Name Your Pizen," the children "slipped off into the television room to watch the quarrels there." Sometimes, as a weeping woman in "The Jewels of the Cabots" has no need to learn from the narrator, "children drown, beautiful women are mangled in automobile accidents, cruise ships founder, and men die lingering deaths in mines and submarines, but you will find none of this in my accounts."

Children sometimes are lost in Cheever stories—misplaced or wrecked—and sometimes they die, so pay no mind to the narrator's assurance that such catastrophes have no place in his stories. Cheever's narrators spend much time describing what they do not choose to write about: one of the collection's legendary pieces is titled "A Miscellany of Characters That Will Not Appear"; it was first collected in a book titled *Some People, Places, and Things That Will Not Appear in My Next Novel*. Among these are boozers: "Out they go, male and female, all the lushes; they throw so little true light on the way we live." Don't trust the teller, trust the tale. Cheever has a closet full of masks and costumes. The costume party is one of his favorite fictional occasions, a social manifestation of fantasy, of self-delusion, of the solace and menace of lies.

Lies may well be his great subject, after all. My favorite story here is wonderfully titled "The Lowboy," about a piece of antique furniture and a brother. The narrator begins: "Oh I hate small men and I will write about them no more but in passing I would like to say that's what my brother Richard is: small. He has small hands, small feet, a small waist, small children, a small wife, and when he comes to our cocktail parties he sits in a small chair. If you pick up a book of his, you will find his name, 'Richard Norton,' on the flyleaf in his very small handwriting. He emanates, in my opinion, a disgusting *aura* of smallness." Richard sets about recovering the family lowboy, and recreating exactly a corner of a room from his childhood. The narrator imagines his small brother at night, drinking quite a bit of whiskey, regarding the lowboy, the silver pitcher on top of it, the rug beneath the chest: "At some point—perhaps when he purchased the silver pitcher—Richard committed himself to the horrors of the past, and his life, like so much else in nature, took the form of an arc."

He began to live a delusion. He became the prisoner of a lie, his memory of the past. Cheever's characters not only lie, but lie repeatedly. Like a costume, repetition is a prison. In "The Hartleys" the husband repeats his pointless anecdotes word for word. Mrs. Hartley weeps. "Why do we have to come back?" They have returned to a ski resort. She repeats her question: "Why do we have to come back? Why do we have to make these trips back to the places where we thought we were happy? What good is it going to do? What good has it ever done?" The Hartleys' daughter skis with others, rides the rope tow that creaks turning on an iron wheel. The skiers "seem stricken dumb, lost in the rhythm of riding and coasting. That afternoon was a continuous cycle of movement." She is caught in the tow; her neck is broken on the wheel. Arcs are anchored in a delusion, the pot of gold. Cycles surround us: We repeat our delusions, and again. Cheever's people tell stories: "The Day the Pig Fell into the Well." Someone asks: "'Remember the day the pig fell into the well?' Then, as if the opening note of a sextet had been sounded, the others would all rush in to take their familiar parts...."

These are the stories of our civilization, and Cheever is their not very reluctant prisoner. If we don't like his characters, his "Tifty" and "Chaddy" and "Bitsey" and "Bobsie" and "Gee-Gee," these are American names. Shady Hill is an American suburb; most Americans would die to live in it. Cheever has his places, people, things and facts in order. But the facts don't matter; the artifacts don't matter. The stories matter. The stories are, after all, what will be left of us when the rest is gone. So here we are, 61 stories, a couple of duds in the lot.... ●

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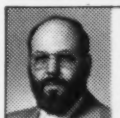
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HELL ON WHEELS/BY TONY KORNHEISER

FINAL TRIBUTE

This is a final tribute to my car.

Because my car is a 1972 Pinto it may also be a final tribute to me. Film at 11.

My Pinto—"Charro"—gets 22 miles per gallon highway, 17 miles per gallon city. It gets 0 miles per gallon sitting in my driveway, where I keep it most of the time. I keep it there because self-immolation is not my idea of a good time. A reported 32 persons have been incinerated and 25 more have suffered near-fatal burns in rear-end collisions involving Pintos. Ford apparently had a better idea when it made the Pinto; the idea was to mass-produce a $3,200 bonfire on wheels. In my high school yearbook, in the section for ambition, I do not remember writing "Toasted Marshmallow."

I remember buying my Pinto; it was the first car I ever bought myself. I bought it primarily because it was cute. I am attracted to cute things. If Chevrolet put out a Marie Osmond Fastback, I'd have bought it. The Ford people told me the Pinto was inexpensive. They told me it had good trade-in value. They didn't tell me that it had a tendency to explode into flames upon rear-end impact.

Then again, I didn't think to ask.

I drove it for five years without knowing it was a death trap. Just for fun I used to back out of my driveway at 30 miles an hour. Once I even got hit from behind, at a speed of ten miles an hour, by a Lincoln Continental that skidded on a patch of ice. The Continental climbed into my back seat and was attempting to nibble my neck when it stopped.

I was unhurt. Others have been considerably less fortunate in Pintos. A California jury once awarded $127.8 million in damages after a Pinto torched; the judge, who probably drives a Ford, knocked it down to $6.3 million. Three Indiana women burned to death in a similar accident, and later the Ford Motor Company was indicted for murder because of the way the Pinto was constructed. Upon reading these things I changed my driving style considerably.

I drove so defensively I could have made the Dallas Cowboys as a middle linebacker. I began, as they say, to watch my ass. When a car got within 100 feet of my tail, I switched lanes. I hung a huge sign on the back of my car—KEEP BACK. DANGEROUS LEPER. COMMUNICABLE DISEASE. I stopped using my seat belt so in the event of a crash I could be out of that rolling coffin faster than O.J. gets out of airports. On impact, I intended to bolt and let that bugger go down the highway in free flight. Let the captain go down with his ship. No Pinto was going to make a flame-broiled burger out of me. I thought of getting vanity license plates—72-DOA. I never kept more than a quarter-tank of gas because I'd read that your chances of incineration were lessened if your gas volume was low. Do you have any idea how silly you feel going only 40 miles between fill-ups?

"Fill 'er up?"

"No. Just two."

"Two dollars?"

"No, two gallons. It's a Pinto."

My social life sank to a new low, like I had terminal bad breath or something. Nobody who'd read the *Mother Jones* exposé on the Pinto, listened to radio or watched TV in the past year would ride with me. Even my wife refused. She took cabs.

"Ride in that thing? Are you serious? Did you hear the Pinto theme song? 'When You're Hot, You're Hot.'"

When Ford announced it was recalling about 1.5 million Pintos, I was delighted. I got the notice, but nowhere did it say my car would be "fixed," only "modified." No guilt was admitted. I hadn't realized Ford had hired Richard Nixon to do public relations. The notice informed me that the insertion of a plastic shield next to the gas tank would add safety in low-speed collisions. Up to 35 miles per hour I was golden. Above 35, I was smoked sausage.

"I got the recall notice. I want you to neuter my Pinto—like the dog it is."

"The first time I can fit you in is next Saturday," my dealer said.

"This is Monday. That's 12 days away."

"Okay. Next Thursday."

"Hey, I like a barbecue as much as the next guy, but I'm not Joan of Arc."

"I'm sorry. A lot of other people have Pintos too."

"You're sorry? I'm the one who's sorry. Look, I'm not Catholic. I'm not in a race to get to the hereafter. What I'm here after is a car I can drive somewhere other than to my own funeral."

"This Friday is the best I can do."

"Fine. If I don't make it, send the protective plastic shield in my name to the arson squad."

When I went to pick up the car I asked a stupid question: How much will you give me on a trade-in? The car is well kept, a one-owner with a new radiator, new battery, new tires and 60,000 miles.

"Two hundred bucks."

"Two hundred bucks? Are you kidding? The car's in great shape."

"It's a Pinto. Nobody wants it."

"Hey, you sold it to me. You allowed me to drive it, knowing I was just a rear-ender away from the disco inferno. You owe me at least $200 in psychological damage alone. Look, I got new stuff on this car. Battery. Radiator. Tires. The tires alone gotta be worth $150."

"What kind of tires you got?"

"Firestone Radial 500s." ●

Illustration by Joe Morroco

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S. ALLEN COUNTER

HOME: Cambridge, Massachusetts

AGE: 32

PROFESSION: Professor, neurobiologist

HOBBIES: Jungle exploration, film making, archery.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK:" Origin of Species" by Charles Darwin

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: While continuing neurobiological research in the South American jungle, he discovered a little known Bush Afro-American tribe, the first black slaves in the Americas to gain independence.

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